NOW & THEN

THE APPALACHIAN MAGAZINE

CENTER FOR APPALACHIAN STUDIES AND SERVICES EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY

Vol. 28 No. 2 $8.00

Property of Archives of Appalachia
East Tennessee State University

GLOBAL APPALACHIA

CELEBRATING TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS OF GRATITUDE FOR THIS PLACE WE CALL HOME

GLOBAL APPALACHIA

Founded in 1956 by President Dwight D. Eisenhower, Sister Cities International is the national membership organization for individual sister cities, counties, and states across the United States. The organization works to advance peace and prosperity through cultural, educational, humanitarian, and economic development efforts, and serves as a hub for institutional knowledge and best practices to benefit citizen diplomats.

Each of the Appalachian region's thirteen states has cities involved in the Sister Cities International program, representing relationships with approximately forty countries.

Left: Dedicated to the people of Guaranda, Ecuador, the Arch of Friendship is located in Johnson City, Tennessee's Metro-Kiwanis Park. Photos courtesy Randy Sanders.

Above: Shadow at the Arch of Friendship.

NOW

THEN

Left: In 1964, the mayor of Guaranda, Ecuador, arrived at Tri-Cities Airport, thus beginning the Greater Tri-Cities of Tennessee and Virginia's participation in Sister Cities International. Today, the region has two additional sister cities, Rybinsk, Russia, and Teterow, Germany.

On the cover: For fifty-seven years, the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games and Gathering of Scottish Clans near Linville, North Carolina, have fostered interest in traditional dancing, piping, drumming, athletic achievement, music, and Gaelic culture. Photo courtesy Charlie Warden.

GLOBAL
APPALACHIA
Winter 2013
Volume 28, Number 2

Editor Fred Sauceman
Managing Editor Randy Sanders
Poetry Editor Marianne Worthington
Book Editor Edwina Pendarvis
Music Editor Wayne Winkler
Photo Editor Charlie Warden
Graduate Assistant Caitlin Chapman-Rambo
Center Director Roberta Herrin

Now & Then: The Appalachian Magazine has been published since 1984 by the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services at East Tennessee State University. The center is a Tennessee Center of Excellence that documents and showcases Appalachia's past, celebrates its cultural heritage, and promotes an understanding of the influences that shape its identity.

FOR MORE INFORMATION
Visit us at www.etsu.edu/cass
Write to us at:
Center for Appalachian Studies & Services
ETSU Box 70556
Johnson City, TN 37614-1707

SUBSCRIBE ONLINE
Visit www.etsustore.com

ELECTRONIC SUBMISSIONS
We welcome fiction, articles, personal essays, graphics, and photographs. Send queries to nowandthen@etsu.edu.

Hard copy submissions must be accompanied by an appropriately sized, self-addressed, stamped envelope and mailed to us at CASS, ETSU, Box 70556, Johnson City, TN 37614-1707.

GUIDELINES
are available at www.etsu.edu/cass/nowandthen/guidelines.asp

UPCOMING THEMES & DEADLINES

Appalachian Industry
By February 28, 2013

Music in Appalachia
By August 31, 2013

ETSU
East Tennessee State University

East Tennessee State University is a Tennessee Board of Regents institution and is fully in accord with the belief that educational and employment opportunities should be available to all eligible persons without regard to age, gender, color, race, religion, national origin, disability, veteran status, sexual orientation, or gender identity. TBR 260-089-12 1M

NOW & THEN
THE APPALACHIAN MAGAZINE
Recognized for Excellence by the Council for Advancement and Support of Education

© Copyright by the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services
Designed by Randy Sanders and Caitlin Chapman-Rambo
Printed by Pulp Printing Services, Bristol, Tennessee

NOW & THEN
THE APPALACHIAN MAGAZINE

MUSINGS

2 *Is the World Really Flat, After All?* ..... *Roberta Herrin*
3 *Editor's Notebook* ..... *Fred Sauceman*

GLOBAL APPALACHIA

4 *Rwanda and the Appalachian Region* ..... *Olivier Muhire*
6 *Asia-lachia* ..... *Berlin Fang*
9 *Tea Time* ..... *Christina St. Clair*
11 *Ali Morad's Mountain Home* ..... *Dolly Withrow*
13 *Dream Worlds* ..... *Edwina Pendarvis*
17 *The Guggenheim Fellowship* ..... *James M. Gifford*
19 *Has Appalachia Gone Completely Global?* ..... *Maggie McKinney*
22 *Getting Sight in Appalachia* ..... *Fred Sauceman*
23 *Fau Gh A Balla Ch!* ..... *Sarah Thomas*
25 *Between Two Worlds and Grateful for Both* ..... *Robert J. Higgs*
27 *Appalachian Dancers Perform Worldwide* ..... *Judy Lee Green*
30 *The Christmas Tree Bird* ..... *Rebecca Elswick*
32 *Going "Ocean to Ocean"* ..... *Janice Willis Barnett*
34 *Myrllen's Coat* ..... *Anna Duggins Roberts*
37 *Among the Cultural Artifacts of WWII* ..... *Anna Duggins Roberts*
40 *Viewing the Universe from Green Bank* ..... *Margaret Nava*
42 *Businesses in Ohio's Amish Country Connect Globally* ..... *Bruce Stambaugh*
45 *A French Connection* ..... *Michael Joslin*
48 *Decolonizing Appalachia* ..... *Caitlin Kight*
51 *Comparing Global Regions: Appalachia and Catalunya* ..... *Ted Olson*
54 *Appalachia and Alaska: A Brief Comparative History* ..... *John Lewis*
57 *The Wide Reach of Climate Change* ..... *Annalisa Raymer*
60 *Burnsville Sandwiches Go Global* ..... *Fred Sauceman*

POEMS

8 *Asia* ..... *Jesse Graves*
16 *Between the River and the Highway* ..... *Sean Thomas Dougherty*
39 *Quantum Entanglement* ..... *Nick Smith*
44 *Pending* ..... *Elizabeth Howard*
59 *Appalachian World View Crumbles* ..... *Harold Branam*
80 *Fulcrum* ..... *Sherry Chandler*

MUSIC

61 *Sounding Place: Performing Appalachia in a Small Czech Town* ..... *Lee Bidgood*
64 *Sounds from the Clanjamfry* ..... *Wayne Winkler*
68 *Tales of Tennessee, New Zealand Style* ..... *Jane MacMorran*
70 *Music in Brief* ..... *Wayne Winkler*

BOOKS

73 *The Scummers* ..... *Lee Maynard*
74 *What I Did There: New and Selected Poems* ..... *Pauletta Hansel*
75 *The Hills Remember: The Complete Short Stories of James Still* ..... *Ted Olson*
76 *Books in Brief* ..... *Edwina Pendarvis*

Is the World Really Flat, After All?

Roberta Herrin
Director, Center for Appalachian Studies and Services

With the advent of television in the 1950s, linguists feared that regional dialects would disappear and everyone in America would sound like Walter Cronkite, Edward R. Murrow, and Eric Sevareid. Similar concerns grew with the advent of the Internet and social media in the late twentieth century. Would distinctive regional cultures disappear? Regions are defined by geographic boundaries (maps) and cultural markers, such as food, music, narrative traditions, art, dance, and language. Will the Internet, YouTube, Facebook, Twitter, and cell phones erode or strengthen regional identities?

Such questions prompted Thomas Friedman to write *The Lexus and the Olive Tree* in 1999, followed by *The World Is Flat* in 2005. Friedman acknowledges that "the flat-world platform . . . has the potential to homogenize cultures." On the other hand, he believes that this "flat-world platform" has "an even greater potential to nourish diversity to a degree that the world has never seen before. . . . The flat-world platform enables you to take your own local culture and upload it to the world." We live in an age that "globalizes the local."

In a 2006 essay ("Cultural Renaissance or Cultural Divide?"), Bill Ivey and Steven Tepper take Friedman's thesis one step further: "Today's consumer," they argue, "is not bound by old [nineteenth-century] hierarchies." Ivey and Tepper believe that "today people define their status by consuming as omnivores rather than as snobs." Technology and the Internet have toppled the "old hierarchies," freeing individuals to search the globe at will and consume whatever whets their interests and appetites, be it education or music or art or real-time cultural experiences in another hemisphere. Ivey and Tepper call this phenomenon the "curatorial me," the modern individual who can exercise personal tastes and interests to "curate" diverse experiences from unlimited and global choices.

Friedman, Ivey, and Tepper could easily have predicted Massive Online Open Course (MOOC), which provides free online education. MOOC students do not enroll in a university, do not pay fees, can "curate" a set of courses to meet their intellectual interests and needs, and do not earn a degree or a diploma. Harvard, Stanford, MIT, Princeton, and the University of Virginia are among the elite participants in this initiative, which has stirred controversy and outright fear in the academy.

How will these twenty-first-century global applications of technology affect Appalachia? Will issues that have plagued Appalachia for decades, such as access to affordable education, be eradicated? MOOC is now available wherever the Internet reaches; at the same time, students who desire traditional campus experience can easily "curate" or choose from options on the opposite side of the globe. A perfect example is the Iranian student who found Bluegrass, Old Time, and Country Music Studies via the Internet and plans to enroll at East Tennessee State University in spring 2013.

Will a "flat-world platform" enrich or diminish regional identity? Will regionalism disappear altogether in the grab-bag, "curatorial me" approach to understanding a diverse world? As a region, are we prepared to wrestle with the questions? ❖

Above: Map depicting the flat world, from the late sixteenth-century book Cosmographie *by Sébastien Münster.*

Editor's Notebook

Fred Sauceman

Tae-Hun and Wanhee Yoon serve chap-chae and mandu (dumplings) at Fairhaven United Methodist Church, Johnson City, Tennessee. Photo courtesy Fred Sauceman.

"I was surprised that Food City and the Walmart have kimchee," says Wanhee Yoon, as she talks about her adopted East Tennessee home. In Johnson City, Wanhee's husband, the Reverend Tae-Hun Yoon, saves souls at Fairhaven United Methodist Church. She clothes bodies at the local mall.

Tae-Hun's path to the pastorate led from his native Seoul, Korea, to New York to Hawaii and to Johnson City, where, he says, the gravy is thicker and better. He leads a congregation that he describes as "very intelligent, very educated." And, Tae-Hun adds, very generous: "We don't have to talk about money at all."

As Tae-Hun was attending to the spiritual needs of the church, Wanhee started selling baby clothes from a cart in the mall.

"A young couple in New York who attended our Bible study came down to East Tennessee before we moved," Wanhee tells me in her husband's book-lined study in the church. "They took video from the highway—apartments, the hospital, the mall. Then they set us up in business. Paid all the registration fees and did all the paperwork. They paid our rent for a year."

The Yoons liked what they saw in that video. Wanhee eventually closed down the cart and occupied a permanent space in the mall. Prom dresses are her main stock in trade. During the height of high school prom season in the spring, she employs eight people.

"We didn't know southern culture before, but we love it," she says. Both the Yoons, whose three children have American first names, draw parallels between their native Korea and Southern Appalachia. Adherence to tradition and veneration of the family, they say, are common to both cultures.

"The people at Fairhaven have accepted me as graciously as my own family," Wanhee says. "We fell in love with this area."

Not only can the Yoons find kimchee at mainstream East Tennessee stores, they have no trouble locating sweet potato noodles, the essential basis for chap-chae. Amid the deviled eggs and potato salad carried in by members of the church for "Wednesday Nighters" is this Korean mainstay of beef, carrots, onions, and noodles, accompanied by American diet soft drinks. As a gesture of Korean hospitality in this East Tennessee church fellowship hall, Wanhee spoons portions of chap-chae onto church members' plates.

Call it ethnic assimilation. Call it cross-cultural blending. The Yoons just call it finding a home. ❖

Rwanda and the Appalachian Region

Olivier Muhire

Rwanda's nickname is the "land of a thousand hills." Photo near Butare, Rwanda, courtesy Shae Keane.

Rwanda is a very small country located in the middle of Africa near the Equator. The country is so small that you can travel across all of it in one day, and if you did you would see nothing but mountains. In fact, Rwanda is known as the "land of a thousand hills." I was born in Kigali, the capital and largest city in the country. Kigali is very similar to other large cities in the world in that you can find anything you want there. Kigali has an international airport, several museums, a number of private schools, and almost a million residents. This urban area of Rwanda is very different from the way Africa is normally presented on television.

My father was born in a rural town called Ruhengeri, in the northern part of Rwanda. When I was young my parents used to send me there for the summer to spend time with my grandmother. Ruhengeri and the other rural areas of Rwanda are much different from urban Kigali. Instead of large shopping malls and busy streets, Ruhengeri is full of farms, small markets, and churches. Most of the roads are in bad shape, and there aren't many hospitals or schools. The people who live in Ruhengeri are mostly poor, and few of them have any formal education. They live in small houses without modern conveniences like televisions or washers and dryers, and they ride their bicycles to work instead of driving cars. It isn't uncommon to see children playing without shoes or people wearing worn-out clothes, and most families farm and raise their own livestock for food. Most importantly, though, the people in Ruhengeri

are very hard-working and proud of where they come from. They would do anything in their power to protect their hometown. As a child, I never appreciated going to my grandmother's house because I felt like an outsider. The other kids there always had many games to play outside because they didn't have toys to play with at home. They looked at me differently because I was from a big city.

I left Rwanda when I was ten years old and moved to Kenya for two years while I was waiting for my visa approval to move to the United States. It was approved in 2003, and I moved to a small town in Connecticut called Plainfield that was very different from Rwanda. While my mom and I were living in Connecticut, a friend of hers, who had moved to Kingsport, Tennessee, when the genocide in Rwanda began, told us how much living in East Tennessee reminded her of home. I thought she was joking because I couldn't imagine a place in the United States that looked like Rwanda, but when my mother and I finally visited East Tennessee, we couldn't believe what we saw. East Tennessee was made up of beautiful mountains and populated by people who live a very simple life and want for nothing fancy. It was a quiet place where it wasn't too crowded. My mom immediately fell in love with this place because it reminded her of where she was raised. She made plans to move to Tennessee almost immediately. I stayed behind to finish high school in Connecticut, but I visited my mom twice each year. Every time I got off the plane at the Tri-Cities Regional Airport and saw the trees, I could not help but think about Rwanda.

The similarities between the Appalachian region and Rwanda, however, do not end with geography. Just as with Africa, media representations of Appalachia are often negative and fail to tell the whole story of the region or its people. Depictions of Appalachians, both throughout history and today, are rife with stereotypes of uneducated, impoverished hillbillies content to live in shacks with no modern conveniences. Such portrayals reduce the region to its struggles and completely fail to acknowledge its many triumphs. They ignore the rich cultural heritage of the region and the ingenuity, hard work, pride, and perseverance of its people. In short, understanding the sense of community present in Ruhengeri helps me understand the people in Appalachia in a way that no television program or newspaper article ever could.

Every time I got off the plane at the Tri-Cities Regional Airport and saw the trees, I could not help but think about Rwanda.

Coming to America on an airplane is still one of the most amazing experiences of my life, but living here has helped me learn to appreciate my own cultural heritage more than I ever did. Even though I had everything I wanted in Rwanda, I still hated living there. But now, I can say that I'm proud to be from Rwanda. It's something I can never change, and if I went back, I wouldn't feel like an outsider because I'm learning what being a Rwandan really means. I'm glad I found this place that looks like my home because it helped me learn to appreciate my home. One day, when I have my own children, I will teach them about Rwanda by taking them on a road trip through the entire Appalachian region. ❖

Olivier Muhire lives in Johnson City, Tennessee, and is a student at East Tennessee State University. He was born in Kigali, Rwanda.

Asia-lachia

Berlin Fang

Landscape near Tongcheng, China. Photograph courtesy Berlin Fang.

Three years after my last visit, I returned to my hometown in Tongcheng, in Anhui Province, China. I had a good time visiting family and friends, and I also felt reconnected to a vertically diverse area after living in Oklahoma where the world is mostly flat. I hiked to the mountains, feeling like Bill Bryson walking on the Appalachian Trail. As the road wound its way uphill, I started to think of the country roads from Huntington to Hillsboro, Logan, Beckley, and to Maysville in northern Kentucky. As I passed a mountaintop jade mine, I remembered debates about surface mining in West Virginia. There were times I mistook the pink blossoms beside the road to be dogwood in Huntington, West Virginia's Ritter Park on a bright morning in May. It almost felt as though I returned to one hometown and got another one for free.

I am a Chinese, but I felt at home in West Virginia—where I lived from 2005 to 2008—mostly due to the similarities in the landscape, the sense of place, and the closeness of family and friends. There I read a collection of poems called *Like the Mountains of China*, by Edwina Pendarvis, that expressed feelings a lot like mine. Years ago, my advisor in graduate school, Professor Liu Haiping from Nanjing University, came to Pearl Buck's birthplace in Hillsboro, West Virginia, for a visit, and he said the landscape in West Virginia reminded him of the paintings of ancient China where mountains and rivers are favorite subjects. An ancient saying in China summarizes intellectuals' and artists' fascination with the mountains and water bodies: "The kind love mountains, the wise love waters." Ancient Chinese believed that the place you choose to live in shapes your character and the meaning you make of life.

During the years in West Virginia, I think I became an Appalachian. I heard from a colleague at Marshall that the place is like a "black hole," which keeps drawing people back though they might choose to leave in their younger years to find job opportunities elsewhere. There is something about the mountains and rivers and railroad tracks and coalmines that are so etched in one's heart that no other place has the ability to overwrite them. Once in Appalachia, always an Appalachian.

Years after leaving, I feel the pull of the "black hole" has not weakened one bit as time went by. It has actually grown. Or am I just getting old and nostalgic? That would not be a bad thing either, because lucky is the man who feels he belongs somewhere in this age of drifters and wanderers.

When I first moved to West Virginia, it did not seem to be a favorite place for a Chinese to live in. I could even count the Chinese families in Huntington as there were so few of them. To get the groceries for some Chinese cooking, we had to drive fifty miles, to Charleston, to find a store. Authentic Chinese food was about a three-hour drive away in Kentucky. However, I found the place very warm toward us outsiders and passers-by who chose to live in this place at least for a while. It is said that only in New York does a foreigner feel that he or she is not treated differently. West Virginia defies this myth by treating you like family. In the three years while I was there, I felt I was as much a part of the place as if I had always lived there.

This was not superficial hospitality incapable of morphing into a real relationship. People were sincerely interested in learning more about us, contrary to the anticipation in many other places that we, as foreigners in the land, have no other business except to do our job and spend the rest of the time learning about the good things in America. While we were there, people reached out to include us into the community. Huntington Public Library invited my wife Fontaine and quite a number of other friends to have a "Chinese Day." We were also frequently invited to speak to middle or elementary schools about China or Chinese traditions. The Norway Avenue Church of Christ even allowed us to start a Chinese school, where we taught Chinese to Chinese kids, kids adopted from China, and local adults who were interested in Chinese culture. I am not exactly a poet by anyone's standard, but I was invited to a poets' club in the tri-state area, and I was asked to read poems from China. As an instructional design specialist, I occasionally helped Appalachian scholars trying to adapt their courses online for a wider audience, while they helped me polish my translation of poems from rural China.

I sometimes felt curious as to why there was such an interest in China and the Chinese people, but later I realized they must treat others the same. It's just a loving community that wants to extend its welcome to friends from faraway places, which happens to echo something said by Confucius: "What a joy it is to see friends coming from afar!" The black hole of Appalachia sucks us all into it and you barely notice it.

This interest is reciprocal. I started to learn more about the area. In spite of hillbilly stereotypes I sometimes heard of, I felt a strong sense of pride among local people, as shown in the annual Spring Festival, the Kenova Pumpkin House, choruses in the Art Museum during Christmas, and theatrical productions in Ritter Park on summer evenings. It is unbelievable to me that one town as small as Huntington (remember I am from a country where a medium city usually has millions of people) can come up with so much festivity, all unique and highly enjoyable. West Virginia has an identity of its own, and it does not want to be an imitation of some other place. Sensing such pride, I started to fight an uphill battle in calling for an end to the rapid urbanization of China's countryside into characterless towns and cities. I've written much about this topic in recent years for Chinese media, and I owe my awareness of its importance to the teachings from people in the West Virginia mountains.

As I experienced Appalachia in its daily goings on, I also read books about Appalachia and West Virginia. With great interest, I read books like *The Unquiet Earth* by Denise Giardina and *In the Heart of the Hills* by Dwight Harshbarger. I wrote and published reviews about some of these books for my Chinese readers. Once, when I was reading one of these books, a colleague thought I was odd, a Chinese reading about Appalachia. "What for?" she laughed.

I don't know the answer. Or, do I need one? Today, as I sat on the benches of a gym watching my kids skate in a skating rink in Edmond, Oklahoma, I found myself reading the article about sheep production in North Carolina's Watauga and Ashe counties in a recent issue of the *Appalachian Journal* and thinking about my family at the foot of Chinese hills, their farming practices and choices. Across the big pond of the Pacific Ocean, similarities abound. In the cold air in the gym, I felt a two-fold homesickness, for my rural hometown in China and for West Virginia, where eagles fly over the beautiful mountains, rivers, and bridges. And I think of myself as a lucky man, having lived in two places that are almost heaven. ❖

Berlin Fang is a Chinese literary translator and writer who once worked for Marshall University in Huntington, West Virginia. He now lives in Oklahoma.

Asia

-after Jean Follain

Jesse Graves

Through the window of the school,
The road to my house whispered to me
All day, as the pastel map
Of the world leaned on its easel,
Reminding me how much exists
Between the blue swaths of oceans,
Even in the dream-world of late morning,
The yellow pencil in my hand executing
Long division on blue-lined paper.
I felt so alone in the world.

Jesse Graves teaches poetry writing and American literature at East Tennessee State University. His poetry collection, *Tennessee Landscape with Blighted Pine* (Texas Review Press), won the 2011 Weatherford Award in Poetry.

Tea Time

Christina St. Clair

Photo courtesy Charlie Warden.

On the fourth Wednesday of the month, if you dine at the Ashland Plaza Hotel, you might notice various groups of people who have come to enjoy the buffet. One group of older women might not get your attention, unless you heard their accents. They are members of the English Club. Although hot tea is their preferred drink, you won't see them drinking any, because they all agree you can't get a decent cup of tea in a local restaurant. The water is never hot enough. The teapot has not been warmed. And where is the tea cozy to keep the tea steaming?

The English Club is a group of women in Ashland, Kentucky, who have been meeting regularly since World War I. At one time they were called the International Club and included any foreign-born person, but over the years only Brits came. Their numbers once exceeded thirty, but now they are down to a handful.

In the latest meeting, there were only six of us. One of our longtime members had died just the week before. Marjorie was eighty-three. At her funeral, she typified how most of us feel. "God Save the Queen" was the opening song, followed by "There'll be Bluebirds Over the White Cliffs of Dover." A nostalgic lump formed in my throat as I remembered the land of my birth. When the preacher at the funeral spoke, he said Marjorie loved *both* her countries: England *and* the United States. That certainly is true for us all.

I am the youngest attending member and came to the U.S. about forty years ago to marry a Vietnam-era soldier. Most of the other women had fallen for G.I.s, too. Madge, from Yorkshire, got married in London and followed her husband a year later to Ashland on the *Queen Mary*, carrying her baby with her. Teddy remembered her journey on the *Queen Elizabeth*. She enjoyed the trip but was desperately homesick once she arrived. She persevered and eventually became a teacher, earning a master's degree. She taught at a school in Westwood, where her ninetieth birthday party was recently celebrated.

Hazel, in her eighties, also came on a boat shortly after the end of World War II. She got married in Catlettsburg. During her honeymoon at a nearby city, she ate foods she'd never tried before: Fried chicken and corn-on-the-cob were so rich to her palate, she got an upset stomach. The doctor had to be called. At home in

England, times had been hard what with rationing and scarcity, so the doctor suggested she eat new foods slowly in small amounts to allow her tummy to adapt to the richer fare.

Pam came to the States on a military jet. She and her husband go back to Suffolk every three years or so, where he is honored at a local village pub by inclusion in the darts games.

One thing all of us experienced was a language gap. We spoke English, but sometimes our idiom had a different connotation here in America. *Knock me up* was one phrase that caused quite a bit of confusion. In England it means *wake me up* or *call on me*. Another word that caused some consternation was *diddled*. One innocent young lady, on her way across the sea, indignantly told a group of other passengers the purser had diddled her every day. She meant he had cheated her. *Rubber* is another word that causes surprises. In the United States it is a contraceptive; in England it is an eraser. You can only imagine the consternation of a teacher when a new pupil with an English mom asked for a rubber. A phrase that many locals use is *if you don't care*. When I first heard it, I was a little confused. Did they mean *I shouldn't care*? Or was it an entreaty? *If you don't mind* would have been the English equivalent. But I can see how that might cause an American confusion: *Minding* might well be about *taking care* of a child.

When I left England at the age of seventeen to marry my handsome American G.I., I did not understand about the loss of tradition that gave me a sense of belonging. It was not until someone asked me about *Sooty* that I realized in giving up my country, I had lost the collective memory that exists for native peoples. *Sooty* was a hand puppet from a TV show that I loved when I was a child. I used to adore him but no longer even remembered that he was a bear until I looked the name up on the Internet and came across a You-Tube video honoring the show on Thames TV. When I watched a few seconds of an old episode and heard the accent of the puppeteer and watched Sooty, a golden bear with black ears, get out his magic wand to squirt ink on the puppeteer's nose, I found myself smiling, filled with a sense of peace and safety and fun.

Something else we members of the English Club have in common is the agreement that people here in Ashland were very kind to us and tried their best to make us feel welcome. One young woman married an American soldier who had been convicted of murder. She didn't know this when she came to Kentucky, but she soon found out. She had two children with him, but he was so abusive, she ran away, going to the house of another English woman and begging to be allowed to stay. Eventually, local people established this victim of abuse in her own apartment and helped her cope.

When I came to Ashland, I volunteered at a local food kitchen, the Sparrow's Nook. The people who ran this kitchen were part of a small Baptist church and were themselves not rich, but they served dinners from Monday to Friday to needy people. They welcomed me with open arms and taught me how to make mashed potatoes by adding butter and evaporated milk to the spuds. I especially remember one couple who took in someone else's unwanted child and raised her as their own. Such love amazed me.

The original settlers in Ashland were Scots-Irish. The Poage family began a homestead on the Ohio River which is still known as Poage Landing. In the middle of the twentieth century, industrialization came and the settlement grew into a town. It was renamed Ashland after Henry Clay's estate, built in Lexington, Kentucky, as a refuge and sanctuary.

Ashland has been a sanctuary for the members of the English Club in many ways. Children have been raised and educated. At local restaurants, we enjoy everything from fish and chips to chicken fresco. Friendships have flourished. Some of us attend the concerts and shows at the Paramount. Others like strolling in Central Park, so reminiscent of an English park with its fish pond and fountains. While it is true we still cannot get a decent cup of tea in a restaurant, we can buy some of our favorite foods. For instance, McVitie's Chocolate Digestives are available at Walmart. Communication is amazing, too. Many of us remember having to book an overseas telephone call ahead of time. I recall waiting and waiting at Christmas to speak to my family.

Nowadays we have Skype and three-way video calls between London, Wales, and Kentucky. Nowadays an international phone call costs a nickel.

We will always be Brits in our hearts, but we are proud and grateful to be Americans, too. By the way, I still enjoy hot tea at home, but I no longer use loose-leaf tea, I don't have a tea cozy, and my bone china cups have been replaced by sturdy mugs. ❖

Christina St. Clair, born and raised in England, is a freelance writer who lives in Ashland, Kentucky.

Ali Morad's Mountain Home

Dolly Withrow

Portrait of Dr. Ali Morad courtesy the Morad family.

Ripley, West Virginia, has been called "a sleepy little town" by national reporters, and it is small, but the town is wide awake. It is true that most of the townspeople lead their lives by maintaining a deep faith in a power beyond humans and a strong work ethic that includes honesty and fairness. Like a large metropolitan area, however, the town welcomes newcomers whether they are from a surrounding county, other states, or a foreign land.

If you ask Dr. Ali Morad to tell the story of his welcome into West Virginia and then into Ripley, you will have a better understanding of what it is to be Appalachian, because Ripley is a typical Appalachian town.

Dr. Morad told me many stories about his life leading to his arrival in West Virginia. Born in Iran, where he grew to adulthood, he said he could never have imagined that his future would lead him to a small West Virginia community where he would spend the remainder of his life.

In his youth, Ali Morad matriculated through the schools in Iran. His parents wanted more than anything for their only child to become a medical doctor, and soon that was his fervent desire, too. A diligent student throughout school, he studied for several months so he could pass the rigorous two-day tests required before he could enter the University of Tehran. Four thousand

students would take the exams, but only 112 would be accepted.

A week later, the announcement of the 112 was made. The future doctor's heart pounded so loudly he could almost hear it, as he awaited the news. The first name was called, then the second, the third, and all the way to the fifty-eighth. Just as the young Ali Morad was about to despair, the announcer called his name. He said in that instant God had given him the whole world.

His education in Iran launched a long career in medicine that would lead him to Germany and then to France and finally to the United States, where he would receive further training as a surgeon at Johns Hopkins Hospital.

Following his training at Johns Hopkins, Dr. Morad received a call from a doctor at Charleston General Hospital in West Virginia, telling him there was an opening. The doctor packed his few belongings, loaded them into his car, and began the drive to Charleston. He said the beautiful mountains reminded him of Switzerland, and when he stopped for an overnight stay near Hawk's Nest, West Virginia, the people were so friendly that, despite his heavy accent, he immediately felt at home. Back in Baltimore, the doctors had laughed and told him he might have trouble communicating with West Virginians, but the friendliness, the smiles, the warm welcome he found in the Mountain State are all part of an international language. He didn't know it then, but he had arrived in what would become his state and his second country for the remainder of his life.

The surgeon's culture, background, and faith stood in sharp contrast to what he found in Appalachia. Still, it was in Charleston at the hospital where he worked that his heart was captured by a blonde nurse, Carolyn Trout. After writing to his parents, the doctor received a reply telling him they trusted his judgment, and so in time Carolyn became his wife—twice. They were married in Carolyn's Protestant faith by her Methodist minister and again in Dr. Morad's Muslim faith by an Egyptian mullah.

While practicing medicine at Charleston General, the surgeon received another life-altering call. He was invited to practice at Jackson General Hospital. He told me the people were so good to him he soon felt he was part of the extended Jackson County family. He was invited into their homes, where he got to know them on a firsthand basis. Many residents brought vegetables from their gardens to his house, sometimes leaving the produce in his garage when he was not at home. Laughing, he told me he had friends who played pranks, too. After returning from vacation one year, he found a huge watermelon in the vines of his garden. He rushed out to get it, but to his surprise it had been carefully placed there near the drooping vines.

He said, "The people in this community are good. I love these people."

If you talk to anyone in Jackson County, you will hear stories of how the surgeon gave his services free to those who could not afford to pay him, how he gave money when it was needed, how he bought cars and shoes and whatever else someone might need.

Now retired, Dr. Morad and his wife make frequent visits to the South to see their son and two daughters. He also makes occasional trips back to Iran to visit relatives and friends, but each time he is eager to return home to his small community where people stop him on the street to ask how he is doing.

Dr Morad and his wife merged their lives and their cultures, fully respecting each other's beliefs and customs. Their life and the warm welcome they received from a community of strangers who became close friends give confirmation that people of different faiths and cultures can live on this earth in peace.

Yes, the people of Ripley are wide awake. ❖

Dolly Withrow is a retired English professor and the author of four books.

Dream Worlds

Edwina Pendarvis

The Pearl S. Buck birthplace in Hillsboro, West Virginia. Photograph courtesy Pearl S. Buck Birthplace Foundation & Museum.

Pearl Buck was born in her mother's family home in Hillsboro, West Virginia, on June 26, 1892. When Pearl was just a few months old, her mother and father took her with them to China, where they were missionaries and where Buck lived until she was forty-one years old. She spent most of her youth in Zhenziang, China. As an adult, she lived in Nanxuzhou in Anhui Province and later in the huge city of Nanjing. Whenever she wrote about her birthplace in Hillsboro, she did so in glowing terms:

> Had I been given the choice of place for my birth, I would have chosen exactly where I was born, my grandfather's large white house with its pillared double portico, set in a beautiful landscape of rich green plains with the Allegheny Mountains as a background.

She describes America as a "dreamworld," one she learned about through her parents' stories of home. The first half of her life, she thought of China as her real world. She was close to her Chinese nursemaid, from whom she learned Chinese at the same time she learned English from her parents. She had Chinese playmates and a Chinese tutor, Mr. Kung. In the mornings she studied English composition and other subjects with her mother, and in the afternoons, she studied Chinese language and literature with Mr. Kung. Some children might have found daily studies in English and Chinese too demanding, but she loved to learn. Later in life,

after she had returned to the United States and realized her home was both here and China, she expressed the wish that her birthplace would become a museum and a "gateway to new thoughts and dreams and ways of life."

Members of the Pearl S. Buck Birthplace Foundation take that wish seriously. For many years, they have taken care of the home that Buck loved and have turned it into the Pearl Buck Birthplace Museum. A conference center has been erected near the home, and Buck's father's family home, a two-story cabin, has been moved onto the grounds as well. The museum offers many educational programs and events, including an annual writers workshop and a creative writing competition for elementary and secondary school students. Because of Pearl Buck's influence, many of these educational activities seek to promote appreciation for the values and customs of people in other countries, particularly China. About two years ago, Jolie Lewis, vice president of the foundation's board of directors, and Michael Toler, a Vista volunteer in Pocahontas County, developed a new educational project, one that would combine language arts, cultural studies, and digital technology for school-age children.

Jolie's career has ranged from reporting crime in Alaska to teaching writing classes for a summer camp in rural West Virginia and for the Sewanee Young Writers Conference in Tennessee. Michael's career has included teaching at a university in Morocco for six years. The two combined their talents to develop a set of instructional activities that would help students in Pocahontas County think about their own culture and become more familiar with the cultures of children who live in other countries. The activities were designed to help children gain these new understandings by using digital technology to further the children's education and perhaps even foster their careers after they complete school.

After Michael and Jolie had designed the project and the initial learning activities, they looked for local educators to help refine and implement them. Joseph Riley, the principal at Marlinton Middle School, offered them a chance to pilot the program. He asked Jan Jonese, the language arts teacher, what she thought about the idea, and Jan was enthusiastic. During the school's curricular enrichment period, she teaches a class that works on the school yearbook. The class meets first thing in the morning every day for forty-five minutes.

Denise Sharp, who teaches eighth-grade science, thought the idea sounded worthwhile, too, and she agreed to work with Jan to implement the program at Marlinton. Even though the project meant more work for them, they were excited because they knew their students would benefit from learning how to apply digital technology in teaching students in another country about what life is like in West Virginia. And, of course, the students at Marlinton would benefit from learning what life is like for children their age in another country.

Next, Michael and Jolie took on the task of finding a classroom to partner with the students from the two eighth-grade-classes in Pocahontas County. Because of Pearl Buck's connection to China, they hoped to find a classroom there, so they contacted Qing Qing Zhao. Qing Qing directs the Appalachians Abroad Teach in China program at Marshall University in Huntington, West Virginia. Part of the Center for International Programs, Appalachians Abroad Teach in China is designed to build educational relationships between the Appalachian region and China. Since its beginning in 1995, the program has placed more than 600 participants in public and private schools and universities in China to teach English and other subjects for one year.

Qing Qing knew which schools would be likely to participate, and thanks to her efforts, Michael and Jolie soon learned that Changzheng Middle School in Shanghai was very interested in the project with Marlinton Middle School. Because of technological limitations, however, the students at the Changzheng Middle School could only interact with the Marlinton students through email, so the middle-schoolers became electronic pen pals. Since an important goal of the project was to develop students' skills with new media, Michael, Jolie, Jan, and Denise decided to expand the collaboration to include another classroom, one in Morocco. While Michael had lived in Morocco, he helped establish English language resource centers in two cities there. Contacts he had formed in Morocco enabled him to connect the Marlinton students quickly to counterparts at a school with the technology that allowed them to exchange multimedia projects.

No one was surprised to learn that among the students' favorite activities were those involving food. Cooking an American breakfast to show their Moroccan friends was a highlight for the American students. Jolie describes the lesson this way:

> There was a science lab in Denise's classroom, and Jan said she could bring an electric skillet from home. The day we fixed and filmed the American breakfast, all these

eighth-graders clustered around science lab stations, cooking eggs or pouring pancakes or microwaving biscuits and gravy or toasting Toaster Strudels. Having them make food was the best imaginable jumping off point for talking about what "typical" breakfasts are in West Virginia and what people in other countries might think of them. We asked if others might find Toaster Strudels odd or unappetizing, the same way our students might respond to the idea of eating fava beans or lamb stew for breakfast.

The party atmosphere emerged again when the students and their teachers tried Moroccan mint tea, along with other food sent by Michael's friend, Rachid Aadnani, who teaches Arabic at Wellesley College.

The children enjoyed the activities without food, too. They liked building voice threads (online, collaborative slide shows) themselves and getting voice threads from the class in Morocco. When asked what was the high point of the project, they listed "emails from China," "eating food," "voice threads," and "everything."

They seem proud of their project, and the adults do, too. Jolie says, "The fact that we got such a cool project going with the involvement of so many partners was a real achievement. I was impressed and grateful that so many people were able to find time and energy to make this possible."

Michael stresses the importance of collaboration, too. He is especially grateful to Marlinton Middle School's media specialist, Cathy Mitchell, for her contribution to the project's success. As Michael puts it, "Cathy Mitchell stepped in to help us out of a technology scrape or two, or ten, or twenty."

They also credit Lucinda Gates, who developed an earlier educational program sponsored by the Pearl S. Buck Birthplace Foundation, a "video boot camp" in which she taught six- and seven-year-olds to use flip-cameras to make videos about life in Pocahontas County. (Among the many things viewers learn from watching these child-made videos is that Pearl Buck won the "Pulitzer surprise" for her novel, *The Good Earth*.)

For many of us, foreign countries are dream worlds, places we see mostly through mass media. West Virginia students in this project were able to interact in a personal way with Chinese and Moroccan students. Maybe someday they'll visit each others' countries or even live there. Whether they do or not, each group knows a little more now about the world and how people like Pearl Buck—and like Berlin Fang, who writes in this issue of *Now & Then*—can think of places on opposite sides of the earth as home, both homes equally valuable. ❖

Edwina Pendarvis is book reviews editor for *Now & Then*.

Between the River and the Highway

Sean Thomas Dougherty

Inside the stucco walls of The Mall you work the second shift at the Sports Bar. In the suburbs of the dead. Elbow-deep in the stench from the dish drain, the burning oil from the fry-0-lator. You are altered in so many ways. Your hands are scars from years of hot pot burns. Your hands are something that might raise a hell out of something holy, not that sympathy goes nowhere—chop suey (managers cursing) in the air, what does that take from a man? Year after year, scraping hot wings and sauce on aprons, we in the kitchen spin little umbrellas and stick them behind our ears. We dance burlesque filling orders. Peacocks of the dented pans and trays. After work we drive to the park and drink along the Susquehanna. River of steel and coke, river of your father's night shifts. The portable radio grooves—curses spilling out of the mouths of old men on the stoop. Beneath the Salsa fire-escape of spiraling slang. Why can we only see happiness when it's on fire? The night is never everywhere. And now, far off in the fragrant darkness, the trees are tremulous with bloom.

Sean Thomas Dougherty is the author of thirteen books including the forthcoming *All I Ask for Is Longing* (2014 BOA Editions) and *Scything Grace* (2013 Etruscan.) He lives in Erie, Pennsylvania.

The Guggenheim Fellowship:

The Beginning of Jesse Stuart's Global Life

James M. Gifford

Jesse Stuart arriving home from Europe on the Conte di Savoia, *July 1938.* New York Post *staff photo, Barney Stein.*

The life and writings of Kentucky novelist, short-story writer, poet, and teacher Jesse Stuart centered around W-Hollow, an isolated valley in Greenup County in northeastern Kentucky. However, as a writer, teacher, and lecturer, Stuart extended his life to the far corners of the world. He traveled to all but one of the United States and to ninety countries on six continents. His global life began in the 1930s with a Guggenheim Fellowship that supported his travels to the British Isles and Europe.

In the summer of 1936, for the fourth and last time, Jesse Stuart attended Peabody College in Nashville, Tennessee, where Dr. Alfred Leland Crabb encouraged him to try for a Guggenheim Fellowship: "I think if you applied for it you might get it. You've written two fine books."

In the fall, Stuart returned as principal of McKell High School and applied for the prestigious fellowship to finance a year of study and writing in Scotland. His proposal doubtlessly stood in sharp contrast to more formal applications. "There is no need to pussyfoot about the truth," Stuart terminated his brash letter. "I say again, I'll try not to make a failure if I get the scholarship."

In April of 1937, he received a letter from the Guggenheim Foundation informing him that he was one of only sixty-one Americans who had been awarded a fellowship for that year. The Greenup County Board of Education granted him a year's leave of absence, and he "left Greenup in good standing for once." A dance was even given in his honor at McKell High School.

On July 9, 1937, he sailed from New York on the *Samaria* and landed in Scotland nine days later. Eager to explore his ancestral land and armed with $2000 in support funds, Stuart visited Scotland, England, Wales, Ireland, and every European country except Spain, Portugal, Russia, and Romania before returning home.

During his fourteen months abroad, he made dozens of new friends and was even a guest at the home of Lord and Lady Astor for two weeks. Lady Astor had to invite him twice because Jesse was "too discreet" to accept a strange woman's proposal that he come to stay with her. Once his landlady had advised him who Lord and

Lady Astor were, he went gladly and found them affable hosts. He mentioned that he missed American cigars, to which Lady Astor replied, "Well, I'll give you a couple that I'll bet will be good ones." She then nonchalantly presented him with "some cigars that Winston Churchill had left."

Stuart also got to see the tomb of his longtime idol, Robert Burns. He spent a night in Ayer, Scotland, a block away from the Tam-O-Shanter Inn. The next morning, he traveled to the village of Alloway and read some of Burns' original poems in the small, low-ceilinged stone house where Burns was born. From Alloway he proceeded to Tarbotton, where Burns was made a freemason; to Mauchline; and then to Falford, where Burns met Highland Mary Campbell. He returned to Burns' grave on a bright, moonlit night, climbing over the gate and into the churchyard of St. Michael's. Before the monument of his literary hero, Jesse removed a pressed goldenrod he had brought from Kentucky and kept in his battered volume of *The Collected Poems of Robert Burns*. He placed the goldenrod on Burns' grave as a token of appreciation for the man who had "changed [his] life."

During his travels, Jesse discovered that "Europe has the women." Wherever he went, "the lights [were] blinking and pretty girls [were] everywhere." It kept him thinking about marriage and relationships. He dated, among others, "two swell Danish girls," a "spoiled, but beautiful Catholic girl from Texas," and Mary Hope, the daughter of a retired Scottish army captain. Mary, according to Stuart, was an attractive twenty-five-year-old who "climbs these mountains right by my side. She can walk down most men."

After a visit to her family's 1,800-acre farm, Stuart wrote to Oscar Sammons that Mary Hope was the "ideal woman since she knows . . . a man when she sees one and how to treat him." He reminded Oscar, "Mum is the word on all transgressions of the flesh and spirit." Jesse did not want his European escapades openly discussed in Greenup County, but he wrote about them in detail to his family. In fact, his father told a neighbor that he "fully expected" Jesse to "marry one of those damned furriners and bring her back" to a family that did not understand her and could not speak to her.

Jesse's research goal was "to study the likeness in literature and folklore" between the Scottish highlanders and their counterparts in the Kentucky mountains. During his fellowship year, he also worked on five major book projects, including *Beyond Dark Hills*, the paper he wrote at Vanderbilt for Edward Mims; received a job offer from the British Broadcasting Corporation; and gave a speech at a PEN Club dinner.

Jesse applied for a renewal of his fellowship, but it was denied, so he returned to America on the *Conte di Savoia*, arriving in New York on July 12, 1938, with seven dollars in his pocket. Surprisingly, his return to America was hailed by the New York press and newspapers across the country. *Beyond Dark Hills* had been published, and Jesse Stuart was suddenly a media darling. New York reporters reveled in his observations about European people and customs, quoting him on topics that ranged from food to fashion, and from politics to pretty women. According to the press, he was "hatless, broke, and tickled to death" to be home. Despite the explosion of his popularity, he was still penniless and had to borrow money from his publisher to get back to Kentucky.

Stuart's travels in the 1930s whetted his appetite for a lifetime of global adventures. In August 1949, he and his wife Naomi Deane, along with their friends Gus and Lena Wells Voiers, took a trip to Europe aboard the *Queen Elizabeth*. During the 1960-61 school year, Jesse taught for a year at the American University in Cairo. A year later, from September 1962 to February 1963, he went on a World Lecture Tour sponsored by the United States Information Service of the U.S. State Department. He lectured in Egypt, Greece, Lebanon, Iran, West Pakistan, Bangladesh, the Philippines, Taiwan, and Korea. In 1969, Jesse and his wife toured Africa and southern Europe.

In the fall of 1973, the Stuarts had planned a tour of the Far East, but on October 25, six days before their scheduled departure, Jesse suffered his fifth heart attack and remained hospitalized for a month. A month later, he had another attack and was hospitalized until Christmas Eve. Three years later, in October of 1976, the Stuarts finally took their vacation to the Orient.

Jesse Stuart spent the last eight years of his life in hospital beds and wheelchairs. But he had traveled the world while he was young. His grand adventures began with his Guggenheim Fellowship and what a great learning experience it had been. "I never knew America," Jesse reflected, "until I went to Europe."❖

James M. Gifford is the CEO & senior editor of the Jesse Stuart Foundation, a regional press headquartered in Ashland, Kentucky.

Has Appalachia Gone Completely Global?

Maggie McKinney

View from Roan Mountain. Photo courtesy Michael Joslin.

I have complained for years about my Appalachian friends always flitting out of the country for one reason or another. It's not that I run with high society or the independently wealthy. Rather, my friends tend to be teachers, nurses, retirees, housekeepers, and assembly-line workers in chicken factories. It is not just the super rich who are traveling these days.

Even in downscale local restaurants I have overheard discussions about trips to Paris. Just last week at the Burke County Employment Security Commission, a job-seeker told me about her "fantastic" ten-day trip to Alaska and Canada. And there was a charming waitress in a sandwich shop who wanted me to teach her Spanish so she could move to Brazil. I was so touched by her enthusiasm that I did not suggest that Portuguese might be more practical.

Now, I understand why my Latino friends want to go to Guatemala and Mexico and why they sacrifice to get there. They want to see the parents and even children that they left behind. Furthermore, they want to revisit the places where they grew up, the homes whose imprints are on their minds forever. Maria Rodriguez, once speaking of Oaxaca, told me with tears in her eyes, "I wish to see again the mountains and the fruit trees. Oh, so beautiful."

I also understand why Tom Kilgore from my church believes in his ongoing mission trips to Malawi, Africa. He likes developing relationships with "all brothers and sisters in faith." His trips, he says, put things in "context" and teach him what is "really important."

And I realize that some people have to travel to keep their jobs. Tommy McDaniel, furniture designer

for McDaniel and Coley in Morganton, North Carolina, says he misses "the backyard" furniture business and "never travel[s] for fun." Yet he has had to go to China, Vietnam, and Indonesia since 2001 in order to inspect his designs before the furniture comes back to the United States.

I personally will never live long enough to do and re-do all the things I love in Appalachia: Hike on Roan Mountain in every season of the year. Ride my bike both ways on the Creeper Trail in Virginia. Attend plays in Burnsville, Flatrock, and Asheville, North Carolina, as well as at COMMA in my hometown.

If I need diversity of people, I can drive one hour to Asheville, where downtown I see the most amazing assortment of human beings (and tattoos) that I could possibly imagine.

Furthermore, thanks to the public library within walking distance of my house, I can read about other

I HAVE WANDERLUST.
EVERY PLACE I'VE BEEN I WENT FOR THE SAME REASON:
I HAD NEVER BEEN THERE BEFORE.

So, yes. There are compelling reasons to save your money, book flights abroad, figure out what to do with the animals and plants, pack for every contingency, and remember all your medicines.

But what about those people who leave Appalachia just because they love to?

Mary Jo Johnson, teacher at North Carolina School for the Deaf, has made trips to Canada, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Dominican Republic, England, France, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy. Unlike Paladin, she does not need a gun. "Have opportunity," she says, "will travel."

Beth Blanton of Morganton continues to work past retirement age to help finance her travels.

Janice Gravely, volunteer at the Burke County Public Library, fulfills her girlhood dreams by going to Europe, South America, and a few months ago to Asia, for an unguided, loosely-planned tour of Vietnam and Laos.

My friends just won't stay put.

When I read that *Now & Then* was publishing on the theme of "Global Appalachia," I thought it was the last straw. What? I wondered. There's not enough in Appalachia to write about?

Why, there are so many festivals in neighboring towns that I'll never get to all of them. I have not yet checked out the gem mining in Spruce Pine, the famous cliff in Blowing Rock, all the lakes and rivers and waterfalls.

And I'm just talking about places within a two-hour driving distance of my home. According to *Now & Then*, Appalachia extends from northern Mississippi to southern New York state. That's a lot of territory to explore, a lot of excitement going on.

If I want to meet people from other countries, I need go no further than my local convenience stores. At one, I talk to Spanish owners; at another, learn a few words from the Indians behind the counter. Or at the farmers' market I can talk with the Asians and marvel at their amazing artistic displays of produce and flowers. As a teacher I have had a brilliant language student from Russia, a laughing Chinese woman who loved her iPhone dictionary, a hard-working Laotian man who never missed class, and several charming women from Thailand whom I could scarcely understand but who charmed me considerably with both their English and their hard-to-pronounce (for me) Thai.

countries without ever leaving my local community. Russian novels, Spanish magical realism, French essays are all available and most compelling.

Still, this global emphasis makes me wonder. Is something wrong with me? Am I unbelievably dull? Too lazy to pack for all contingencies, to sit for hours on airplanes, to figure out how to work different toilets? Am I too scared to eat food I don't recognize? Too fond of the mountains surrounding me, the rolling hills? I believe in the golden mean. Obviously I am not finding a balance between staying home and traveling the whole wide world.

I decided to expand my horizons by interviewing people and trying to find out why they so love to travel. Almost all of them said it made them "appreciate so much what we have here."

"Oh," I said relieved. "I already do that. Is that the only reason?"

"What can I say?" Johnson responded. "I have wanderlust. Every place I've been I went for the same reason: I had never been there before."

Ann Moncrief, a retired health care professional with family and

friends abroad, talked about the chance to visit in person "these places that family and friends had shared with us in story and picture (and song, too, from the Irish friends)."

Gravely said she loved to explore, to experience different cultures and regional customs, to learn new things.

At the Employment Office two counselors weighed in on the subject: Shane Livert, an environmentalist who thought "Global Appalachia" was a terrific theme for a magazine, said, "I really just want to travel. And I want to see the world myself before we destroy it all."

Amanda Lewis, who has studied in Greece, looked thoughtful. "When I was really little growing up in Granite Falls, I never thought I'd go anywhere in life. It is so cool to go to places you've read about in school."

All these answers seemed to have one similarity: the joy and excitement of learning and experiencing new and different things firsthand. And I get it. Real experiences are preferable to virtual ones. Reading about a cool breeze on a hot day doesn't measure up to feeling one. Looking at music scores is nothing like hearing the music. And hearing two people speak Chinese is a far cry from landing in a city where everyone is talking nonstop in incomprehensible language.

In addition to security, we humans need "romance...wonder... the fascination of a strange town," says G.K. Chesterton.

I don't want to be prosaic. Perhaps I should reconsider. Maybe I should save my money, go to far-off places, hop on an airplane with the global Appalachians.

On the other hand, maybe *Now & Then*'s "Global Appalachia" refers to the fact that the rest of the world is already here. In Appalachia. Perhaps romance and wonder are within walking distance.

In which case, I might just explore here at home. ❖

Maggie McKinney works one afternoon a week at the Employment Security Commission in Morganton, North Carolina, and also teaches English as a Second Language.

Getting Sight in West Virginia

Fred Sauceman

Above: Chris Felton prepares to test the course, on Henry Clay Road in the Coopers Rock State Forest near Morgantown, West Virginia. Right: The 28-ounce iron and steel "bowls" withstand repeated contact with pavement. Photos courtesy Fred Sauceman.

A curve is a corner. A marker is a sop. To cross over the line is to "break butt."

It's the language of the road—specifically the country road. The talk of the Irish road bowler. The parlance of the sport links its practitioners, to each other and to the Irish past.

Bowlers describe their sport as a hybrid, a cross between golf and bowling. The object: Throw your bowl or ball or bullet, chalk-mark where it stops, throw again, and repeat until that 28-ounce iron and steel object crosses the finish line, 1.2 miles in all. The competitor logging the smallest number of throws wins.

Most bowlers throw underhanded, after a running start. Some perform a windmill windup.

Played on otherwise lonely roads, the sport attracts attention. Spectators hug the roadside despite the risk of getting popped in the ankle.

Each bowler has a partner, a "road shower." Before the road shower takes position, he or she pulls up a handful of grass and weeds and molds it into a mound. It's the sop, the target. An experienced bowler can "split the sop."

A good throw, or "shot," will roll 150 or 200 yards. Top competitors regularly hit 250 or 300. The longest shot ever recorded in West Virginia occurred during the Irish Spring Festival in the town of Ireland on March 18, 2001: 490 yards.

But the sport doesn't require body-built brawn. Lean and lanky work just as well. And it's a sport that transcends age and gender, too. Experience isn't a

requirement for success, either.

Dr. Gregory Aloia, President of Concord University in Athens, West Virginia, says his first attempt went "straight down the middle of the road and everyone cheered." Aloia's shot occurred at West Virginia's Pipestem Resort State Park, described by Irish road bowling experts as "one of the three best roads in the state."

A former college athlete and the son of an Irish mother, Aloia says Irish road bowling is "all the fun of rugby without the bruises."

Item number four in the mission statement of the West Virginia Irish Road Bowling Association reads: "Celebrate nature and the scenic beauty of the country roads of wild and wonderful West Virginia."

Dave Powell, a film and photo preservationist in Washington, D.C., is largely responsible for bringing the sport from Ireland to the Mountain State. Or, actually, bringing it back. Powell believes Irish soldiers practiced road bowling during the American Civil War.

To research Irish road bowling, Powell traveled to County Cork in Ireland, where he discovered that the sport was banned by law in 1689—not because of the danger of errant bowls but rather the rowdiness of the bowlers.

"The Dutch claim to have invented it earlier, and they say it was William of Orange who brought it to Ireland," Powell tells me, beside Henry Clay Road in the Coopers Rock State Forest, a 12,700-acre enclave outside Morgantown, West Virginia, the site of the 2012 USA national tournament.

Dave Powell's mother Marie Burns "grew up on a farm on top of a mountain in Ireland, West Virginia, south of Weston." He convinced the organizers of the state's Irish Spring Festival to adopt road bowling in 1995.

"Ireland, West Virginia, is a dynamic little community," Powell says. "I go back every Memorial Day weekend. I love that little place. I saw this sport on TV and thought it was perfect for West Virginia."

On Powell's trip to the country of Ireland, he discovered 92 bowling clubs in County Cork alone. Research revealed a north-south split in hurling styles in Ireland and a legend that Irish patriots stole English cannonballs and rolled them down a country lane by the light of the moon.

"The sport deserves more recognition, especially by publications featuring Appalachian culture," Powell says.

The North American Region Finals rotate each year, among New York, Boston, and West Virginia. According to a publication of the West Virginia Irish Road Bowling Association, the sport is "perfect for scenic mountain roads and is so easy to learn that it provides low cost rural outdoor recreation."

Bowlers speak of reading the road, of crawling under fences, wading creeks, and parting weeds.

Clifton Colebank, an employee at West Virginia University, carries a converted golf ball retriever in his vehicle. He mounted a magnet on the end to snag bowls out of ditches and creeks and beyond barbed wire. Colebank usually doesn't have to hunt far. The Bruceton, West Virginia, native is the 2012 WVIRBA Novice 3 State Champion.

"Every time you play it's different. Every part of the road is different," says Chris Felton of Morgantown, as we drive down Henry Clay Road in advance of

Fau Gh A Balla Ch!

Clear the Way for Irish Road Bowling

Sarah Thomas

John Hunter bowling on a rural North Carolina road. Photo courtesy John Hunter.

Not long ago, a postcard arrived in the mail notifying us that the Asheville Irish Road Bowling Association would be using our country road in western North Carolina for its southeastern finals. I was delighted. Having grown up near Ireland, West Virginia, I was familiar with the sport and looked forward to watching it from my front porch over the weekend.

When the bowlers approached the short, straight stretch of road in front of my house, a neighbor called me over. "Sarah's from West Virginia, too," he said to one of the bowlers. So I asked the requisite question: "You're from West Virginia? What part?"

Turns out Jessica Hunter is from my hometown. She and her husband Justin went to my high school, as did Justin's road bowling brothers, John and Chris. They ended up in North Carolina on a whim and missed road bowling so much they

the 2012 regional finals. During the week, Felton works for the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention's National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health. Weekends, he seeks out people who enjoy the rural relaxation of road bowling.

An ideal road curves to the left and to the right, and many matches are lost in the curves.

Bowlers speak of "getting sight." It means positioning your shot so you can see as far as possible down the road and don't have to make a curve-compensating lob to continue on.

"Some matches have been decided by a few inches after 1.2 miles of bowling," Powell says.

Felton describes this simple sport as both funny and frustrating, governed by accuracy and power but inspired by friendship and reverence for the outdoors.

Item number five in that WVIRBA mission statement: "Honor the special place of Ireland, West Virginia, and its Irish Spring Festival as the birthplace of Irish Road Bowling in West Virginia."

With a little chalk, a handful of weeds, a cousin of the cannonball, a whole lot of camaraderie, and the skill to "get sight," that mission is accomplished. ❖

Fred Sauceman is editor of *Now & Then*.

started their own group.

The Hunter boys got into road bowling because their father is good friends with David Powell, the man who brought the game to Ireland, West Virginia.

Road bowling is a relatively simple sport, but it does offer some unexpected challenges, like the rattlesnake Justin saw just off the road at Coopers Rock, near Morgantown, West Virginia. "It gave plenty of warning," Justin said with a laugh. "There was a lot of talk from the Irish guys about St. Patrick."

Justin pointed out that the variety of play is one of the things that makes the sport so appealing to a wide spectrum of people. "You can go out with friends or family and just have a good time at it, or there are these higher levels where people take it very seriously," he said.

In the Asheville area, Justin's group has seen fifty to sixty folks come out for scores—the road bowling term for a match. They try to get out four to five times a year and keep players apprised via a Facebook page and website.

They often bowl in the Weaverville area but came to my street after discovering it on a scouting trip. Justin said they look for roads that are somewhat secluded and have light traffic. The road should be in good shape, and they prefer a location with houses well back from the road so they don't disturb people with bowls gone awry. Rolling hills and a good line of sight for spotting traffic also make a road good for play.

While Justin emphasized that just about anyone can enjoy the game, he does recommend finding someone who is familiar with the sport the first time out. I supposed traffic was the primary danger, but Justin said that's typically not the biggest concern.

"You have to be cautious about the bowl coming at you," he said. "It is a cannonball and that was the original design. I haven't seen any broken bones, but I've seen some bad bruises."

That is likely why bowlers have adopted the traditional Irish battle cry, "Fau Gh A Balla Ch," which means, "Clear the way."

While the bowl should be allowed to come to a stop on its own in order to complete a throw, Justin said it's sometimes necessary to stop it to avoid losing the bowl or having it go somewhere it shouldn't, like onto private property or into a sleeping rattlesnake. Justin's bowlers have begun using baseball gloves to stop the bowl if necessary.

Justin has slowed down his play a bit since his now two-year-old son came into his life, but he is eager to see the sport continue to grow in the Asheville area. He hopes to introduce it to a wider audience at a St. Patrick's Day festival in nearby Brevard. He also wants to continue improving his own play to be more competitive. He currently uses a sort of underhanded pitching style but admires the County Armagh style.

"It looks more like fast-pitch softball where they swing their arm around and around," Justin said. "I wish I could do that. It takes a lot of control." ❖

Sarah Thomas is a native of French Creek, West Virginia.

Between Two Worlds and Grateful for Both

Robert J. Higgs

Frank Greally speaking in Johnson City, Tennessee. Photo courtesy Larry Smith.

Recently Frank Greally, author and editor of the magazine the *Irish Runner* for the last thirty-two years, returned from his home in Dublin, Ireland, to Johnson City, Tennessee, for an unusual purpose: to pay tribute to his home away from home, East Tennessee State University, in the hills of Appalachia. Frank did not return to his alma mater for praise or compensation nor to sell books but to give thanks to a school and region that had figured so prominently in opening opportunities for a distinguished career in writing.

Frank did this by presenting two programs on different nights at the Johnson City Public Library, honoring two figures who had influenced him deeply: a legendary English professor, David McClellan, and Frank's famous coach, David Walker, who recruited him in the early 1970s along with, over the years, forty other young Irish athletes, all of whom graduated except two. Collectively they became known as the "Irish Brigade," owing to their distinguished record in national track and field competition.

Here I want to pay tribute to Frank not so much for his impressive accomplishments in writing, editing, and running but for his philosophy of wholeness, the integration of body, mind, and soul, the tripartite ideal of the ancients traditionally represented by the credo *mens sana in corpore sano*, a sound mind in a sound body. Having known Frank for over forty years, I can agree wholeheartedly with the complimentary comments on the cover of his excellent book, *Thoughts Occurring at Intervals in the Field of Athletics*: "Frank Greally still holds the Irish Junior 10,000 meters track record. . . . This is a book of gentle and wise ruminations on sport and the human condition in general. . . . Amid the humor and pathos, the abiding impressions are those of kindness, loyalty, unfailing optimism, and above all a rare spirit of generosity."

These compliments, I feel sure, were penned by Con Houlihan, who wrote the Foreword in an even stronger acclamatory tone. Houlihan, before his recent death, was regarded by many as the leading writer in Ireland.

Frank wrote his obituary for the *Irish Independent* and, by request, read passages from Thomas Wolfe at his funeral.

David McClellan was for some time the public relations officer for ETSU and book reviewer for local newspapers. His greatest passion was his teaching, and his encyclopedic knowledge of books and ideas captivated his students. After David's death on Good Friday in 1977, a student wrote, "It was David who opened for me the doors of understanding into the tower of Yeats, the Wasteland of Eliot, the basements of Ferlinghetti, the questing of Rilke. Thank you, David, for the gift of yourself."

The selected theme for Frank's presentation in Johnson City was "Home," a major archetype and a recurring theme in the work of Thomas Wolfe. It was also a prevailing motif in David's brilliant lectures about Wolfe. Passages read by Frank were favorites of David, illustrating what Faulkner called the "Old Verities," courage, honor, pity, compassion, and sacrifice, the "literature of the heart" as opposed to the "literature of the glands." Those in attendance that evening viewed a video interview by David of Fred Wolfe, Tom's brother, recorded when Fred visited ETSU several years ago. In that interview, Fred told of his younger brother yelling for Jesse Owens, only a few feet away from Adolph Hitler at the 1936 Berlin Olympics.

On September 13, 2012, Coach David Walker was honored for his vast achievements in track and field. Not all of his many championships are attributable to the Irish Brigade, but many are. Just as Coach Walker opened doors of opportunity for Frank Greally and many others, so the Brigade reminded him that his investment in them was wise. In 1972, the "Irish Brigade" took second place at the NCAA Cross Country Championships. The squad, comprised of five Irishmen—Neil Cusack, Ed Leddy, P.J. Leddy, Ray McBride, and Kevin Breen—earned ETSU's highest national ranking in the sport.

In the world of sport, numbers are essential but so are letters when reminding us of the Old Verities, as Frank Greally writes of Neil Cusack:

> He arrived at East Tennessee State University in the autumn of 1970 on half a scholarship—as well as attending classes and training twice a day he had to work demanding shifts in the dish-room of the campus cafeteria. On his first outing in the US Collegiate Cross Country, Cusack struggled to finish 186th. It was a feeling he didn't enjoy. But young Cusack was a man of singular determination and as sweet a mover on country road or track as you could hope to see. Neil Cusack trained passionately. Running began to seem like a song where he had heard the tune and put brilliant words to the music. Then one April Monday, Patriots' Day 1974, Cusack reached the zenith of his career when he won the famed Boston Marathon. The night before the race he sat in his hotel room sewing a shamrock crest to his string St. Bernard racing vest. And the front page of the *New York Times* would show him crossing the finish line in Boston, arms upraised and the emblems of his country set proudly on his chest. He missed by a matter of years the big money that arrived to Boston and New York—this April (2008) the winner in Boston will pocket $80,000—but Cusack has no regrets. Neil Cusack is content with his family in a charming house in his beloved Cratlow Woods where he still logs the miles four mornings a week. And on those morning runs, he tells me, he often thinks back on a career he believes has been truly blessed—one that no money could ever buy.

At the program honoring David Walker, Frank presented to "Coach" a beautiful Tipperary Crystal Bowl from Athletic Ireland, the governing board for athletics in the country, for his contribution to Irish education. Walker has received many honors, but it was apparent that this tribute from Ireland was greatly valued by him as was the presence of five of his former athletes: Ray Flynn, Cronan Gantly, Frank Greally, Louis Kenny, and Tommy McCormack.

Before he left for Ireland, Frank searched until he found the grave of Dave McClellan in a Johnson City cemetery and in the rain stood before it in gratitude for gifts bequeathed to him from the great writers of the world. ❖

Robert J. Higgs is professor emeritus of English at East Tennessee State University and an authority on the literature and philosophy of sport.

Appalachian Dancers Perform Worldwide

Judy Lee Green

The Cripple Creek Cloggers perform in southern France, July 2011. Photo used with permission of Cripple Creek Cloggers.

The Cripple Creek Cloggers are nationally known as Tennessee's only authentic Appalachian-style dance troupe. They have received acclaim not only in the United States but throughout Europe, Central America, Canada, and the Caribbean for their unique dancing and colorful costumes. Serving as ambassadors not only for our region but also for our country, they are preserving traditions in Appalachian dance, costumes, and spirit.

This energetic, foot-stomping, toe-tapping group travels with its own musicians. Their instruments vary but often include fiddle, banjo, guitar, mandolin, and bass, as well as washboard. They always proudly display the American flag and the Tennessee state flag in parades and on stages at international folk festivals around the world.

They teach workshops, do television interviews, and meet and establish friendships with people from other nations. Gifts are exchanged with officials and dignitaries at folk festivals in other countries. Our Appalachian dancers present special proclamations from the Tennessee House of Representatives as ambassadors on our behalf.

They give handmade bonnets patterned after authentic Appalachian headwear. They take dolls dressed in full Appalachian dress and calendar magnets with pictures and contact information about the group. Dancers also pass out small Tennessee and American flags and pins along parade routes.

In return the Cripple Creek Cloggers are gifted with special commemorative plates and plaques. They have received gifts too numerous to mention, includ-

ing musical instruments and full costumes, as well as the shoes of the host country's dance troupe.

The Scots-Irish people, whom the Cripple Creek Cloggers commemorate when they entertain, came to America for a better life primarily from the eighteenth to the mid-nineteenth century. They settled largely in Southern Appalachia, a harsh wilderness region of rugged terrain, heavy forests, and dense undergrowth.

These fiercely independent, self-sufficient people struggled with isolation, elements, climate, and a tortuous landscape. Roads were little more than Native American war traces and buffalo trails trampled by longhunters. Natural resources were abundant and plentiful, but the wilderness they came to conquer was inhospitable.

They were skilled craftsmen, laborers, rebels, indentured servants, and prisoners who came to America to escape political and religious domination. They cut down trees, ancient oak and chestnut, and erected crude, one-pen log cabins. They dug up stumps, broke ground, plowed the soil, planted gardens, and began farming, all the while relying on hunting and fishing skills to sustain their families until their gardens began to produce.

Often located long distances from their nearest neighbors, settlers had limited opportunities to socialize. Occasionally, however, circumstances brought together several families. An informal evening of sharing a meal and reminiscing about their native land began with hymns and stories from home.

Socializing gave way to singing and dancing. There was no other outlet for fun, and music and dance reminded the mountaineers of their homeland and their kin who were a world away. Their merriment possibly turned a little high-spirited after a nip from a quart jar.

A guitar may have been brought from England. A homemade cigar-box banjo was constructed in idle time in front of the fireplace. A fiddle was the most popular instrument, however. Often called the devil's box, it was taken out of the gunny sack in which it was kept, and the music and dance began.

When a musical instrument was not available, it did not deter the mountaineers. They often sang ballads and hymns without musical accompaniment, keeping time by clapping their hands. On a hard-packed dirt floor, barefoot women in long print or gingham dresses and men in homespun clothes and laced-up leather moccasins slapped the floor to the songs and dances from their homeland.

Women whirled in bright dresses with long, full sleeves. They frequently wore aprons made of unmatched calico remnants. A gentleman might catch sight of white pantaloons or a long petticoat when it flashed like a doe's tail as he twirled his partner around the floor.

Men spun about in loose-fitting pants of wool or other durable fabric, buttoned at the waist. Cloth suspenders buttoned on the outside of the waistband and crossed in back over loose-fitting, long-sleeved shirts made of solid or print fabric. Today the Cripple Creek Cloggers preserve the dress of those Appalachian pioneers.

The acclaimed dance troupe traces its beginning to a 4-H project in 1967 for fourth- through eighth-grade students at Kittrell School in Rutherford County, Tennessee. Steve Cates, teacher and volunteer 4-H leader, was the founder and is still the director today. He called the dances and taught the first simple steps.

The Rutherford County Square Dancers, as they were originally known, were invited to dance at the National Folk Festival in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1968. The group expanded one year later to include all 4-H members in the county. An adult group, the Cripple Creek Cloggers, grew out of the youth group. It was organized in 1980 to keep from losing the dancers and the expertise they had developed when they graduated from high school. Today the troupe encompasses members of all ages.

Forty-five years later these Appalachian-style cloggers are still dancing. They have performed in forty-eight states and thirty foreign countries, including France, Holland, Belgium, Costa Rica, Spain, Poland, and the Czech Republic. Their most recent trip abroad, July 2012, was to international folk festivals in Latvia and Lithuania in the Baltic region of Northern Europe.

Their awards and appearances are too numerous to mention in their entirety, but they have appeared at the Carter Family Fold

WOMEN WHIRLED IN BRIGHT DRESSES WITH LONG, FULL SLEEVES. THEY FREQUENTLY WORE APRONS MADE OF UNMATCHED CALICO REMNANTS.

in Hiltons, Virginia, at the Country Jubilee Show in Las Vegas, and on various performances of Nashville's Grand Ole Opry.

They opened Opryland USA and performed for several years in the music park. They appeared on *Hee Haw, Crook and Chase, 48 Hours,* and *Reading Rainbow*. They did a commercial for Crisco with Loretta Lynn and were part of an entertainment company from Nashville that filmed a television show in Rome.

The troupe has performed at Hersheypark in Pennsylvania and entertained at the National Walking Horse Celebration in Shelbyville, Tennessee. They toured Romania for three weeks as Ambassadors for Friendship from the United States.

While attending folk festivals in other countries, the cloggers have met and befriended dancers from all over the world. In 1982, an annual International Folk Festival was begun in Murfreesboro that has since brought attention, goodwill, and international dancers to Tennessee. The cloggers continue to plan and serve as hosts for the event each summer.

Appalachian-style square-dancing with a clogging step developed as an expression of the ongoing changes in cultural traditions. These changes became ingrained in the frontier experience. Lyrics and music and dances brought to America were altered from the original as various interpretations occurred.

Resourceful square-dance callers replaced forgotten words. Musicians added beats or increased the tempo. Fleet-footed dancers artfully expressed themselves when leading their partners around the dance floor. Soon they were dancing with a great deal of individuality, a manifestation of their new life as mountaineers.

When a dancer broke away from his partner and danced alone, fabricating his steps and kicks according to the rhythm of the music, it became known as solo-dancing or freestyle or buckdancing. A person doing this type of dance stood in one spot and used the balls and the heels of his feet. The slap of his shoes made a distinctive rhythm.

Each dancer was then, and is still today, creative with regard to kicks and shuffles and stomps and taps, all incorporated to generate sound. Buckdancing is done close to the floor, generally with the arms straight by the side. The buckdancer's body is usually relaxed.

Clogging involves more high steps and arm movements. Whether with bare feet or with shoes, later with metal tips attached, dancers made a slapping sound that became known as clogging.

Appalachian-style clogging chronicles an earlier time period. It is a momentary resurrection of a lifestyle that has disappeared. Though the members of the dance troupe have changed over the years, the Cripple Creek Cloggers continue to preserve and perform their unique square-dancing around the world as a way of sharing our traditional Appalachian culture. ❖

Judy Lee Green is a longtime writer and speaker and a frequent contributor to *Now & Then*.

The Christmas Tree Bird

Rebecca Elswick

Illustration by Randy Sanders.

"There's a bird in the garage."

I looked up from the book I was reading and watched my husband put down his briefcase and take off his coat. He had managed to make it home from work before the snow that was forecast arrived.

"The bird probably heard the weather forecast," I said. "Just leave the garage doors open and it will fly out."

"I don't think so," he said. "This is the third day in a row it's flown in when I opened the garage door."

He now had my full attention. I put aside my book and went to the garage to investigate. I crept out the door and eased it shut behind me, hoping to spy the bird. I looked around but saw nothing, not even a feather. I stood still and waited, but it was so cold I decided to give up. I was ready to duck back in the house when I was rewarded with the most beautiful sound—an exuberant and lyrical song that rolled around the garage like satin ribbons. It echoed inside the garage, intensifying its loveliness.

I followed the birdsong to the storage room that was in the corner of the garage. I edged toward it until I could see inside. There wasn't much in the room; in fact, it was little more than a closet. A pegboard on the wall held a few rusty tools. A dusty shelf had some forgotten paint cans with rusted lids, the paint inside long turned to paste. I didn't see the bird, but I knew exactly where it was. It was nestled somewhere in the branches of my Christmas tree.

It was an old artificial spruce that had been discarded for a new pre-lit Christmas tree. We had put it in the storage room to await its transport to Goodwill. Long

forgotten, it was propped up in the corner, looking to a cold little bird like the perfect home on a snowy evening.

The next morning, the world outside my window looked like the inside of a snow globe. I opened the door that led to the garage and was rewarded by my first sighting. It was a wren, and it was perched in the garage window, no doubt looking out on the snowy morning. I pushed the button that opened the garage door, and it rushed outside.

Wrens are plentiful in the mountains of southwestern Virginia and central Appalachia. When I was a child, I called these tiny songbirds little brown birds. What I now learned was that there are approximately eighty different species of wrens found all over the Western Hemisphere. Wrens are small, have flat heads, short wings, curved beaks, and short tails. All of them are a subdued brown color, and it takes a careful study of their markings to distinguish their species. I knew I would have to get a better look at the bird to determine what kind of wren was living in my Christmas tree.

After that first sighting, my husband and I made sure we left the garage door open in the evenings so the bird could come in, and it did. When it was ensconced for the night, we often heard it break into raucous song, as if it were saying, "I'm home!" Since our family room was just off the garage, we enjoyed many impromptu concerts. We developed a routine. When the bird burst into song, one of us grabbed the remote and muted the television while the other eased open the door so we could hear the warble.

We were curious to discover the species of our feathered trespasser, so I began to sneak into the garage with binoculars. Since the bird didn't seem disturbed by my presence, I was able to discover that it was a winter wren—a very small, dark bird, almost uniformly brown, with a very short tail. I learned that my new friend was the only wren that also lived outside the United States, with habitats in Europe, Asia, and North Africa. But it was his song that revealed he was a male because only the males sing. And sing he did. The better the song, the easier it is for the wren to get and keep a mate. This was a lesson this demitasse of a bird had taken to heart.

When winter disappeared and the weather turned warm, we had two winter wrens living in our old Christmas tree. My husband joked that he was now a landlord and was running a bird resort. That was prophetic because before long, a nest of hatchlings joined the parents. Now, the adult wrens, which had been indifferent to the persons who provided their lodgings, became suspicious of us and began to scold if we dared walk too near the storage room. It was not unusual for one of them to fly in our direction, the warning to stay away from the nest sharp and clear. We started ducking into our cars in a hurry so as not to disturb the songsters, who raised two families that year, one in the spring and one in the early summer.

After the last set of babies left the nest, we didn't see the birds again, so we assumed they were gone for good. Then one fall evening when the first frost was predicted, my husband came in from the garage and sang out, "Guess who's back?" I ran into the garage and was rewarded with not only a song but a sighting. The male wren was perched on top of the old Christmas tree, his breast puffed out, his tail pointed straight up, quivering as arpeggios of notes poured from his beak and soared around the storage room.

My husband and I stood still and listened until the song was done. Then we eased away and slipped back into the house. "I can't believe the winter wren is back," I said.

"You mean the Christmas tree bird," my husband said.

"Of course," I agreed. "It's the Christmas tree bird." ❖

Rebecca Elswick is a native of Grundy, Virginia, who holds two degrees from East Tennessee State University. Her debut novel is *Mama's Shoes*.

Going "Ocean to Ocean" at the Mountain Heritage Literary Festival

Janice Willis Barnett

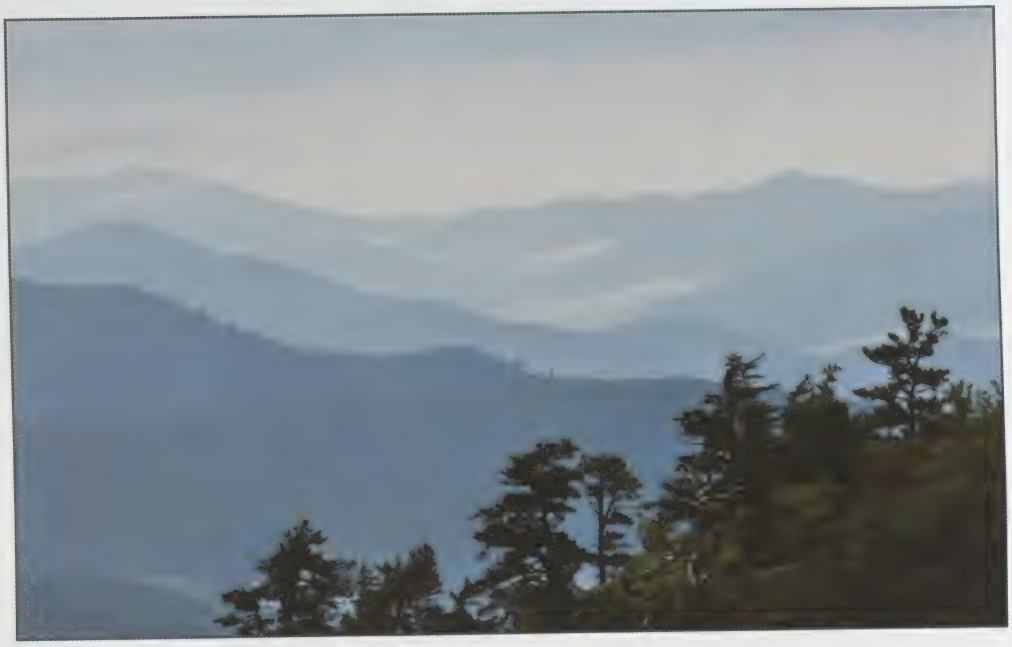


Photo courtesy Charlie Warden.

The chatter of voices and clank of forks quieted in Lincoln Memorial University's dining hall. I had savored the last bite of my country-fried chicken and fresh apple cobbler and settled back to enjoy poet Maurice Manning's keynote address for the 2012 Mountain Heritage Literary Festival. Manning expressed his gratitude for being asked to speak and began talking about the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan as he referenced the continuing unrest in the Middle East. Then he moved to the threat of economic collapse in Europe and our own country's shaky financial markets. I was surprised and a little annoyed. Did he have the wrong menu or what? After all, this was an Appalachian literary festival. Wasn't it supposed to be all about us, meaning our Appalachian mountain heritage and literature?

Clear as a bell, a voice inside my head interrupted my editorializing. The "Brier," an Appalachian literary persona created by the late poet and educator Jim Wayne Miller, told me I was "thinking ridge to ridge." I recognized his words from what is possibly Miller's best-loved poem, "Brier Sermon," and looked around the dining hall, wondering if the Brier was milling about among the tables. I didn't see him but figured that didn't mean he wasn't there. I'm not the only Brier enthusiast who believes he frequents Appalachian literary festivals.

Meantime, Manning moved from the world economy to the world soul. He invoked the great Irish poet William Butler Yeats and quoted the famous line, "Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold," from Yeats' poem "The Second Coming." The "middle" was slipping away, Manning said. It was slipping away in our own country with important centers of our culture and our lives being lost in the process. The center of small towns was disappearing; people once came to town to shop, hear the news, and converse with one another. Now this was being lost. The center of his hometown, Danville, Kentucky, like so many other small towns in Appalachia, was disappearing as the hardware, grocery, and drug stores closed.

Sitting there amid the seeming safety and assurance of my fellow apple-cobbler enthusiasts, I felt the spirit of the times in Manning's words. Something bigger than

our Appalachian mountains and our history and culture was in the room, and I realized that whatever it was had been playing around the edges of my awareness all day. Manning's comments had called it out, but what was it?

Later, I tried to make sense of what Manning's words had evoked in me. Something about the festival had seemed different this year. The first night, we still had our traditional Appalachian supper of pinto beans, cornbread, and cooked cabbage, and, as always, we listened to the Jesse Stuart Lecture after Saturday's noon meal. In past years, the lecture's focus had been mostly Appalachian; this year its scope had widened as Kentucky novelist and poet George Ella Lyon talked about the worldwide response she has received from her poem, "Where I'm From." I recalled hearing her read the poem nearly two decades ago and how its images from the life of an eastern Kentucky drycleaner's daughter had moved me.

I also recalled attending a poetry workshop when a poet from outside the region gave us copies of Lyon's poem, along with her own "Where I'm From" poem, and told us to do something similar using our own images. I had felt somewhat territorial and a bit resentful about poets not from Appalachia imitating Lyon's poem. I didn't realize her poem had outgrown its Appalachian boundaries and spread like kudzu on the Internet. I didn't know that she still receives letters and emails from people all over the world who are moved to articulate where they're from by imitating her Appalachian poem with its talk of "clothes pins, Clorox," and "dirt under the back porch."

I had hurried from Lyon's lecture to hear Kentucky author Silas House talk about his latest novel, *Same Sun Here*, written with Neela Vaswani. As House began his presentation, I recalled the first time I heard him speak, just after the release of his debut novel, *Clay's Quilt*, in 2001. His accent had fascinated me nearly as much as his writing had impressed me. My ear immediately picked up our laurel-thicket kinship even if he was from eastern Kentucky and I from eastern Tennessee. Though House's grammar was standard, his vowels had not been tampered with; they were genuine Appalachian mountain.

I laughed when House confessed there had been a slight vowel issue with his reading of the audio version of *Same Sun Here*. This middle-grade novel-in-letters is a reflection on the cultural similarities and differences between River, a Kentucky coalminer's son, and Meena, an Indian immigrant girl living in New York City's Chinatown. House authored River's letters and Vaswani wrote Meena's. House said he asked to read River's part in the audio book because he wanted to get "the accent right." The producer agreed and after hours of recording had only one word he wanted changed. He asked House to alter his Appalachian pronunciation of "oil" to the standard American English pronunciation. House said he talked with his writer friends about this and even discussed it with his family. A friend pointed out that having to change the way he pronounced one word didn't seem that relevant considering the thousands of words in the text spoken in his native accent, and House agreed. But one of his Kentucky cousins insisted that he should have stood his language ground.

I was still thinking about House's language obstinacy after our Keynote Supper. I suspected that calling the event "supper" rather than "dinner" had been his idea when he and Denton Loving and a host of other LMU personnel had launched the festival in 2006. House was LMU's writer-in-residence at the time, and he had been insistent on the festival honoring our Appalachian heritage. I couldn't help but smile as I thought about how writing about his people and place from the inside out resulted in the success that allowed him to incorporate a global focus in his work with Vaswani in *Same Sun Here*.

The Brier must have heard my musings, because he spoke from his "Sermon" again, reminding me that he had said we need to value our own place and its culture before we can travel "ocean to ocean." I bowed my head in obeisance to the venerable Brier and gave thanks for his guidance and for LMU's Mountain Heritage Literary Festival and the Appalachian Writers Association Workshop for their many years of teaching me to value my heritage. The Brier blessed me and admonished me to remember what Manning had said at the end of his keynote address about serving our center, our Appalachian heritage, by nurturing what we have in common with the rest of the world rather than concentrating on what marginalizes us.

I confessed that Manning had the right menu after all. The Brier said amen. ❖

Janice Willis Barnett is a contributor to *Inside Appalachia*, produced by West Virginia Public Broadcasting. She is the author of *Images of America: Unicoi and Limestone Cove* (Arcadia Publishing, 2009).

Myrllen's Coat

Anna Duggins Roberts

Front view of Myrllen's Coat. Photo courtesy Larry Smith.

Creative expressions of individuals operating "outside" the conventions of mainstream society, such as the mentally disturbed, are known as outsider, or visionary, art. While these artists are typically untrained or minimally aware of the canons of "official" art or art history, astonishing similarities exist in the sketches, paintings, and sculptures they produce.

Using whatever materials are at hand, outsider artists create in order to transform the real world, seeking no audience and working in a manner that is often rigid and repetitive. Once having found a style, they stick to it; once having found a motif, they endlessly repeat it. Also characterized by a compulsive tendency to fill every inch of space within the design (the *horror vacui*), outsider art typically demonstrates extraordinary sureness of line and graphic precision, a tendency to assign human facial features to nonhuman and inanimate objects, and the use of words and non-words (*glossolalia*), often without their usual communicative function, to fill in spaces within the design.

A rare example of outsider art was created by a schizophrenic patient committed in the late 1940s to Eastern State Hospital (later renamed Lakeshore Mental Health Institute) in Knoxville, Tennessee. Known as "Myrllen's Coat," the piece is quite unusual in that it was executed as a textile design, rather than as a sketch, painting, or piece of sculpture.

Myrllen was committed because she terrorized her neighborhood and attempted to murder her husband with a butcher knife. Not long after admission to Lake-

shore, Myrllen expressed a burning desire to sew but was denied access to needle or scissors because she was considered violent. Compelled to create, Myrllen fashioned a scavenged wire into a needle-like object and raveled laundry scraps for thread. The result of five years of such effort is an embroidered coat of exceptional beauty and complexity. Covered with millions of tiny stitches, vignettes, letters, words, and addresses, Myrllen's Coat clearly communicates the joys and sorrows of a troubled existence. Myrllen lived in a world of her own imagining, a world communicated through stitchery.

Detail view of Myrllen's Coat. Photo courtesy Larry Smith.

Design and textile analysis of the coat revealed base materials of muslin and chambray, utilitarian fabrics commonly used for patient clothing in institutional settings during this time period. Threads used to embroider the design included both raveled laundry scraps and embroidery floss. With the exception of one strand of rayon, all materials were cotton. Basic hand-sewing and embroidery stitches, including buttonhole stitch, satin stitch, chain stitch, and couching, were used, both to construct the coat and to execute the embroidered designs.

Small, rectangular panels of muslin were embroidered and then connected to form the body of the coat. Styled with bell-shaped sleeves that button along the upper edge with mismatched, irregularly placed plastic buttons, the coat features a decorative fringe made of cotton mop threads. The upper one-third of the garment is covered in solid blue worked in endless buttonhole stitch rosettes, graphically demonstrating the variation of blue in the many raveled fabrics required to complete the project. The lower two-thirds of the garment and the lapels and sleeves are covered with colorful scenes of people, places, animals, and events. Letters always fill the spaces between the scenes; some form words, names, or addresses, while others seem to have no meaning at all.

Other noteworthy details include shaped welt pockets; a peplum effect created with triangular panels, rather than the rectangular panels used elsewhere on the body of the garment; and a waistline casing of chambray, with a muslin strip and a yellow plastic button, which was used to fit the coat at the waist. One missing buttonhole suggests the designer's fallibility, as does a fabric loop at the neckline area, with two buttonholes that seem not to correspond to any button on the garment (hinting at the possibility of a missing detachable hood). As if to guard materials from loss or theft, or to save them for future use, long strings or tails of embroidery floss or yarn are attached randomly throughout the garment, while a yarn tassel embellishes the back of the collar.

Some of the most accomplished stitchery and compelling communication are seen in the embroidered vignettes. Among those are a mother and child gazing in dismay at what appears to be a prostitute; a "demented" child with mustache; a person held by two policemen; unusual animals or creatures; and activities or events, such as riding in an automobile, ice-skating, or flying through the air on a swing or trapeze.

Multiple scenes depict travel. Words filling the space between the vignettes identify locations both in the United States and abroad. Bristol, Knoxville, Kingston Pike, Knox County, and Tusculum are mentioned in Tennessee. Elsewhere in the United States, Alabama, Texas, and Madison Square Garden are referenced. Global locations include Bermuda, India, Poland, and Scotland. One vignette, labeled

"Palestine, Israel," depicts a turbaned gentleman near a mosque-like building.

Few details of Myrllen's life are known. Some insight came from Nancy Luttrell, an aide at Lakeshore during the 1950s, as related to a Nashville patron of the arts, Pat Burton. Following arrest and committal, Myrllen was disowned by her family and her marriage was annulled. An elderly aunt visited her once. Myrllen left the grounds of Lakeshore only twice, lunching with the friend of another patient. It is not known if Myrllen traveled globally prior to her arrest, or how she was exposed to the locations depicted on the coat. However, it is known that she was a young woman from an affluent Knoxville family, so international travel experience is conceivable. Regardless, global references constitute an integral component of the coat's design.

Much about the life of the artist while at Lakeshore also remains a mystery. Therapy administered to psychiatric patients of Myrllen's era was minimal at best, consisting primarily of efforts designed to prevent the patient from injuring herself or others. Understanding little of the artistic merit of Myrllen's work or its communicative value, no one questioned her as she sewed, and no one recorded the meaning of her effort. Only conjecture allows us to surmise the communicative value of the piece to the artist.

When, in the late 1950s, it became common to treat schizophrenic patients with drug therapy, Myrllen was administered Thorazine, a drug that masked the symptoms of her illness. Asserting then that she did not know how to sew, Myrllen denied all knowledge of the coat and never again picked up a needle. Myrllen died at Lakeshore in 1973. While her body was unclaimed for burial, the legacy of Myrllen's life and work lives on through her remarkable embroidered coat.

In 1988, Myrllen's Coat was shared with Tennesseans in a traveling exhibition titled "Creativity Unlimited." The coat was also exhibited in 2001 at the American Visionary Art Museum in Baltimore and in 2007 at the Parthenon Museum in Nashville. Owned by the Tennessee Department of Intellectual and Developmental Disabilities, Myrllen's Coat is currently housed for conservation purposes in the Tennessee State Museum. ❖

Anna Duggins Roberts, a professor of merchandising in the Department of Management and Marketing at East Tennessee State University, holds a doctorate in clothing and textiles from the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. When she stumbled upon Myrllen's Coat in a gallery exhibition, she sought permission from the State of Tennessee to analyze and document its meaning.

Among the Cultural Artifacts of World War II:
The Friendship Bracelet

Anna Duggins Roberts

Photo courtesy Jim Sledge.

Even as a small child, I was enthralled by the bracelet. When my sister and I were too ill to attend school, the first day home earned fingernails painted bright, shiny red, and the second day was rewarded with permission to peruse the contents of Mother's jewelry box. For a very sick child confined longer than two days, time exploring the cedar chest was the diversion.

When my throat felt scratchy or my tummy hurt, I always hoped to be just sick enough for permission to delve into Mom's jewelry box. There I discovered the bracelet. Rendered in sterling silver, etched on each link with carved flowers and names inscribed in flowing script, the bracelet lay in sharp contrast to the other plastic and faux metal costume pieces in the collection.

How did Mom come to possess such a treasure? I knew many stories about her early years growing up during the Great Depression with thirteen siblings on a farm in rural Greene County, Tennessee. The Neas family was poor but adequately fed because they owned land, and they were fashionably clothed thanks to fabric purchased with tobacco earnings and my grandmother's considerable needlework skills. But there was certainly no extra money for sterling silver bracelets. In fact, when my intelligent mother, valedictorian of her graduating class, was unable to earn adequate funds for higher education, my grandmother gathered, hulled, and cracked black walnuts and sold the nutmeats to pay tuition to Knoxville Business College.

And why was my own name inscribed on the bracelet? It was purchased in 1942, long before Mom married and I was born. What did the inscriptions on the bracelet mean?

My mother, Hertha Lee Neas (Duggins), graduated from St. James High School in southern Greene County in 1941. Mom always said that, for her, going away to business school in Knoxville was akin to traveling to the other side of the world and living in a foreign culture.

Sent to board with distant relatives, the Miller family, Mom traveled by car each weekday morning from Miller Town to the casket factory in Knoxville where Zora Miller stitched linings for coffins. From the casket factory, Mom made her way downtown to Knoxville Business College, walking on fair days or riding the trolley in rainy or snowy weather. There she attended classes and worked the cafeteria lunch shift to earn pocket money. During those years as a student, Mom collected the links of her friendship bracelet.

An antique appraisal in 2012 by Lisa and Joey Groseclose of Kingsport, Tennessee, revealed that friendship bracelets were common in East Tennessee as early as the 1920s. Friends or family bought individual links, engraved them with names, dates, or sentiments, and gave them to loved ones. During World War II, links with military insignia were also common. When a young lady collected sufficient links for a bracelet, or even a necklace, a jeweler then connected the links, adding a closure so the jewelry could be worn. Today Mom's bracelet is valued at approximately $175.

All of the individuals whose names appear on the bracelet are deceased now, except Joyce Eisenhower Kinser, a St. James classmate and one of Mom's dearest childhood friends. When I recently showed the bracelet to Joyce and asked her about its history, she remembered purchasing a link. "It couldn't have cost more than about a dollar," she said, "or I couldn't have afforded to buy it. I didn't have one of the bracelets myself, but I remember the girls wearing them, and I do remember buying that link for Hertha Lee."

I never saw Mom wear the bracelet, as the clasp was broken before I was born and she never had it repaired. I borrowed the bracelet once each year, though, to share with my merchandising students when we studied the decade of the 1940s and discussed the influence of historic events on the fashion of the times. I sensed that Mom was nearing the end of her life when I borrowed the bracelet for class in the fall of 2007, and she told me to keep it.

Still, I wondered about the individual names inscribed on the links and the relationship of each of those persons with my mother. That information came from Mom herself. Hospitalized with a broken hip near the end of her life, she became confused and had difficulty coherently expressing thoughts. I feared we were losing her and the opportunity to document the bracelet, so I brought it with me to the hospital on one of my visits.

Climbing up into the hospital bed beside her, my daughter showed Mom the bracelet and asked her to talk about each name inscribed. Summoning her mental acuity just long enough to document the relationship with each of the individuals whose names appeared on the links, Mom told us the history of the bracelet: Johnny, her boyfriend and, later, her husband and my dad; Zora, the distant cousin who boarded Mom during her first year at Knoxville Business College, and Zora's son, Joe Miller; Mom's parents, my grandparents; Joyce and Betty, high school friends at St. James; and Anna and Jim Webster, also distant relatives with whom Mom boarded during her second year of business school.

Anna Webster was childless and came to look upon Mom as the daughter she never had. I am Anna's namesake, and that is why "my" name appears on the friendship bracelet.

As did others of "The Greatest Generation," my parents felt strongly their patriotic duty. My father, John Williams Duggins, served during World War II in the Army Air Corps, training in Alabama and Texas prior to duty on Guam. Mom earned her business degree at Knoxville Business College and spent the remainder of the war years working for Pet Milk Company in Greeneville, Tennessee. While duty on the home front can in no way compare to the sacrifice of service overseas, Mom always asserted that, for a little girl who grew up on a farm in southern Greene County, moving to Knoxville to study business was almost as adventurous and global.

In Europe, in the Pacific, or in factories at home, young Appalachians in the 1940s summoned the courage to leave their mountains, farms, and small towns to support the war effort. They returned enriched with global experiences and influences forever altering Appalachian culture. The friendship bracelet, merely a shiny object of wonder and desire in my childhood, is now a treasured reminder of the courage, strength, and sacrifice of my parents and the service of their remarkable generation. ❖

Anna Duggins Roberts is a native of Greene County, Tennessee, and a graduate of East Tennessee State University and the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. A professor in the Department of Management and Marketing, she has devoted the past thirty years to ETSU's merchandising program.

Quantum Entanglement

Nick Smith

It is the nature of
electrons to excite one
another this against that
the crack of a bat
in contact at the end
of unswerving arcs

pressed up against each
other drawn together by strange
gravity your face

at the stairtop or from
behind a flap of curtain and
then the entanglement

clustered like hydrogen
that flighty atom scared
to be alone always on the
move from a great distance

particles pitch briefly
a red tent small and taut
a single flower vase
under its slim shade
like the smell of you
washing out of my hair
effusive into the steamy
sweet smell of lepers
boils damp and sodden
and numb and apart from
everything their flesh
evaporating like the tent's thin
shadow when the rope
is tautened to snapping
letting out a long howl
whistling driven in the wind

Nick Smith grew up in Knox County, Kentucky. An editor of *Wind* magazine, he lives and works in Cincinnati.

Viewing the Universe from Green Bank

Margaret Nava

The Robert C. Byrd Green Bank Telescope in Green Bank, West Virginia. Photo courtesy John Buchanan.

People have been reporting unidentified objects flying over West Virginia for many years. In fact, according to a 2008 article in the *Beckley Register Herald*, the Mountain State has experienced more UFO activity than any other place in the United States, including Roswell, New Mexico. Some of these observable anomalies have been in the form of brilliant lights, triangular or oval discs, and even spacecraft that were allegedly chased and shot down by the United States Air Force. Others were nothing more than fleeting blurs across the sky. While many of these sightings have been thoroughly documented, few if any have ever been proven. Nonetheless, all the reports and rumors about these extraordinary incidents started people thinking: Are we alone in the universe?

Throughout the ages, people have been looking to the heavens and wondering about the stars and planets floating around in the dark skies. Tracking the regular phases of the moon and the movement of the stars, some talented scholars used the repeating pattern of the moon's phases and the shifting positions of the stars each night as early calendars, enabling them to know when to plant and harvest crops. The Greek philosopher Aristotle theorized that the heavens were composed of fifty-five concentric, crystalline spheres, which rotated at different velocities with the Earth at the center. In 120 A.D., Egyptian astronomer Ptolemy concurred with Aristotle when he created an elaborate mechanism to calculate the geocentric movements of the stars, planets, and the moon around the Earth. Then, during the twelfth century, Copernicus proposed a heliocentric model of astronomy in which the Earth and planets revolved around a relatively stationary sun. Obviously, all those strange bodies up in the sky had to be studied more closely—hence the telescope.

The first known practical telescopes were invented in the Netherlands at the beginning of the seventeenth century, using glass lenses. Within a few decades, the reflecting telescope, which used mirrors, came along. And, in the twentieth century, many new types of tele-

scopes were invented, including radio telescopes, a form of directional antenna used in radio astronomy, a subfield of astronomy that studies the radio frequencies of celestial objects.

The first radio antenna used to identify an astronomical radio source was built in 1931 by Karl Guthe Jansky, an engineer with Bell Telephone Laboratories who was assigned the job of identifying sources of static that might interfere with telephone service. Jansky's antenna was an array of dipoles and reflectors designed to receive shortwave radio signals at a frequency of 20.5 MHz. The antenna was mounted on a turntable that allowed it to rotate in any direction, thus earning it the name "Jansky's Merry-go-Round." After recording signals from all directions for several months, Jansky eventually categorized them into three types of static: nearby thunderstorms, distant thunderstorms, and a faint steady hiss of unknown origin which he later determined was coming from the Milky Way.

Grote Reber, an amateur radio operator, was inspired by Jansky's work and built a 9-meter parabolic radio telescope in his Illinois backyard in 1937. He began by repeating Jansky's observations and went on to conduct the first sky survey in the radio frequencies. On February 27, 1942, a British Army research officer named J.S. Hey made the first detection of radio waves emitted by the sun. By the early 1950s, Martin Ryle and Antony Hewish at Cambridge University had used the Cambridge Interferometer to map the radio sky, producing the famous 2C and 3C surveys of radio sources.

In 1956, the National Radio Astronomy Observatory (NRAO) began operation in Green Bank, West Virginia. Two years later, the United States National Radio Quiet Zone was established by the Federal Communications Commission. Covering 13,000 square miles in West Virginia and Virginia, the zone is intended to protect local radio telescopes, including those at Green Bank, from superfluous interference so that scientists can "listen" for radio frequencies. The NRAO's first telescope, the Tatel 85 Foot, was completed in 1959; the 300 Foot telescope was completed in 1962; and the 140 Foot telescope followed in 1965. The observatory's newest telescope, the Green Bank Telescope, was completed in the summer of 2001.

According to the NRAO, "The GBT or Robert C. Byrd Green Bank Telescope is the world's premiere single-dish radio telescope operating at meter to millimeter wavelengths. Its enormous 100-meter diameter collecting area, its unblocked aperture and its excellent surface accuracy provide unprecedented sensitivity across the telescope's full 0.1 - 116 GHz operating range, a larger frequency (energy) range than any other telescope. The GBT is fully steerable, and 85% of the entire celestial sphere is accessible. Its operation is highly efficient, and it is used for astronomy about 6500 hours every year, with 2000-3000 hours per year going to high frequency science. Part of the scientific strength of the GBT is its flexibility and ease of use, allowing for rapid response to new scientific ideas. It is scheduled dynamically to match project needs to the available weather. The GBT is also readily reconfigured with new and experimental hardware, adopting the best technology for any scientific pursuit."

Over the next ten to twenty years the GBT will continue to contribute to our understanding in areas as diverse as the detection of gravity waves; the formation of stars, galaxies and galaxy clusters; the origin of life; the composition of the planets and their satellites; and the scientific principles that govern the universe. The telescope's strength is its flexibility, sensitivity, and sky coverage, allowing for rapid response to new and innovative scientific ideas.

Nikola Tesla was one of those who wondered if we are alone in the universe. He wrote many articles about how feasible it would be to communicate with other planets, especially Mars. He was scientifically convinced it was simply a matter of electrical engineering to employ one of his devices specially designed for signaling other planets. In an article written in 1901, entitled "Talking with Planets," Tesla stated that communicating with inhabitants of other worlds was a scientific reality that would be scoffed at by some.

Are we alone in the universe? Maybe so, maybe not. Maybe more UFOs will be sighted flying over West Virginia. Maybe scientists like those at Green Bank will pick up signals from the UFO spacecraft. Maybe we will one day hear the words, "Can you hear me, yet?"

You just never know. ❖

Although Margaret Nava has lived in both West Virginia and New Mexico, she has never personally witnessed a UFO.

Businesses in Ohio's Amish Country Connect Globally

Bruce Stambaugh

Jay Lehman, founder of Lehman's in Kidron, Ohio, still regularly interacts with customers. Photo courtesy Lehman's.

Global entrepreneurship is alive and well in Ohio's Amish country. As many as four million visitors tour the world's largest Amish population annually, and many come from other countries.

Located at the northernmost reaches of Ohio's official Appalachian region, seven businesses in the greater Holmes County area have joined forces to market their goods and services. Their individual and collective efforts are paying off.

Called The Best of Ohio's Amish Country, the businesses are all family-owned and operated. Most maintain a single retail store yet still attract business from around the world.

Lehman's in Kidron, Ohio, has an especially compelling story. In 1955, Jay Lehman started a hardware business for the local Amish residents who are the majority of the population around the small Swiss-heritage village. Today, Lehman's has thousands of customers around the world, and the Amish continue to be the beneficiaries.

"Now we are an international business still with just one retail store," said Glenda Lehman Ervin, vice president of marketing for Lehman's. She is Jay's daughter.

Jay, age eighty-three, still makes regular appearances at the store. Although it hardly resembles the business he founded, its purpose remains the same.

The store originally began by selling non-electric items the Amish needed. An Amish precept is to remain off the electrical grid and to live as self-sufficiently within their community as possible. With that in mind, Jay created a store where they could shop locally for apple peelers, butter churns, oil lamps, and other non-electric items.

"Dad had the foresight to invest in the past," Glenda said.

Lehman's customer base has reached far beyond the local Amish community, with customers in all fifty states and over 100 countries.

How do they do that with one retail store located in a rural area? Most of their sales are generated via their webpage and their seasonal mail-order catalog.

"Much of the world's population lives a lot like the Amish," Glenda explained. "They don't have access to reliable or perhaps any electricity, so they need non-electric gadgets for everyday living. Most of our customers are 'preppers.'"

She defines that term as persons preparing for a day or year without traditional forms of power, such

as electricity. Other customer types include those interested in frugal living, people who want to live off the grid, gardeners, eco-friendly people, and those who have a penchant for the nostalgic. All of this expansion in Lehman's customer base has greatly helped the Amish.

"We have 300 vendors within a 20-mile radius," Glenda said, "and most of them are Amish."

With the products it offers, Lehman's is also able to help supply several charity organizations. Doctors Without Borders, the Peace Corps, and many missionary services all need non-electric materials to do their jobs in countries that continue to be underdeveloped by North American standards.

Lehman's isn't the only successful business in Ohio's Amish Appalachian region to have a humble beginning and a global audience. Homestead Furniture, an Amish-owned store in Mt. Hope, designs, manufactures, and sells handcrafted hardwood furniture.

Homestead began business in a 6,000-square-foot converted chicken coop in 1990. The business grew so rapidly that owner Ernest Hershberger built a new 27,000-square-foot retail store eleven years later.

Hershberger is Amish, so his business is off the grid. But that fact doesn't keep him out of touch with what customers want. He has a simple solution for pleasing them.

"We know what customers want because we ask them," Hershberger says. "We build exactly what they want using any wood, any style, and any color, to their exact specifications."

His store has furnished an entire house in Melbourne, Australia. How did a customer halfway around the world discover a family-owned and operated furniture store in the middle of Amish country?

"He walked through the front doors," says Hershberger. Knowing the reputation of the Amish to be hard workers who make quality products at fair prices, the customer was in search of craftsmen who could build what he wanted.

Hershberger has shipped furniture to Canada, England, and China. Customers view examples of furniture collections online. A third party operates the website.

For Keim Lumber in Charm, Ohio, international business occurs in both purchasing and sales. Keim buys exotic woods from several continents. The wood is sold for specialty uses in furniture, customers' homes, and artistically, for applications such as crafting guitars, according to third-generation owner Bill Keim.

Keim's exports products, too. The company has sold a complete home package, including all the materials to build an entire home top to bottom, for a family in the Caribbean Islands.

Keim's facilities cover nearly 40 acres and total 635,000 square feet. A visitor from Perth, Australia, was so impressed with what he saw he called Keim's "the St. Peter's Basilica of woodworking."

P. Graham Dunn, manufacturer of inspirational plaques and gifts in Dalton, Ohio, also has its share of international visitors. Most of its global trade comes from distributors in Singapore, China, Australia, New Zealand, and the United Kingdom, according to sales manager Andy Yost.

"We make most of our global contacts at the International Christian Retail Show," Yost said. "Those sales account for eight to ten percent of our annual sales."

Of course, tourists visiting Amish country need a place to stay and eat. Amish Door Village in Wilmot, Ohio, sufficiently provides the necessary hospitality. Amish Door Village has a restaurant, hotel, bakery, and gift shop all on its campus. Denise Garver, marketing manager for the business, said Amish Door hosts a good number of international guests every year.

In reviewing the guest book, Garver said she found visitors from several provinces in Canada and from overseas countries such as Norway, Iran, Jordan, New Zealand, England, and Australia.

Berlin, Ohio, where Nature's Food Market is located, is considered the center of Ohio's Amish country. Zedrick Clark, the store's owner, said he is amazed at how many international visitors the market attracts every year.

Clark said people from other nations are drawn to Amish country by the area's rolling fields and pastures, plentiful woodlots, horse-drawn buggies and implements, and friendliness.

Much like Nature's Food Market, Coblentz Chocolates in Walnut Creek, Ohio, brings in visitors from around the world who take a delicious piece of Holmes County along with them. Owner Jason Coblentz said citizens of Japan, China, and several European countries have been customers.

These seven family-operated businesses in Ohio's Amish country understand the importance of global entrepreneurship. As the response of international customers shows, the owners' efforts and products are greatly appreciated. ❖

Bruce Stambaugh is a retired educator and free-lance writer. He lives with his wife, Neva, near Millersburg, Ohio.

Pending

Elizabeth Howard

Josh is coming home. The boy we raised,
sent seven miles back and forth
across the mountain to get an education.
A big strong boy. Neighbors
called him Hercules, expected
him to cut timber like his pa.
But Josh didn't have no interest
in timber nor the mountains except to draw
pictures of trees, streams, rocks.
Mr. Pilcher, the teacher, encouraged him,
give him paints and paper, got him
a scholarship to study art in New York City.

Next thing we know, he's in France,
living in a loft in Montmartre,
his name on paintings in museums—
not his name—Joshua Redburn—
but a name he pulled out of the air,
as if you can just up and deny
who you are, who your folks are,
where you were born,
where you went to school,
the dirt ground into your skin
when you crawled about on your knees.
Hercule Jovan, not even Hercules,
the name his friends give him.

Now he's coming home,
coming home to die, he says.
What I wonder is this. Who is it that's coming?
Joshua Redburn, our son, who started traveling
away from us as soon as Rosie Carter cut the cord?
Hercules, the mighty lumberman?
Hercule Jovan, the artist?
And why is he dying?
And what will we do
with a middle-aged man who speaks French?
A man we don't even know?

Elizabeth Howard lives in Crossville, Tennessee. Her work has appeared in *Comstock Review*, *Big Muddy*, *Appalachian Heritage*, *Cold Mountain Review*, *Poem*, *Mobius*, *Slant*, and other journals.

A French Connection

Michael Joslin

André Michaux discovered Catawba rhododendron (pictured above). Photo courtesy Michael Joslin.

Every summer spectacular blossoms remind me of ties that bind our Appalachian highlands to Europe. As I watch Catawba rhododendron and flame azaleas on the Roan Massif burst into astonishing blooms that attract visitors from around the globe, I can't forget it was a gentle French botanist and his son who "discovered" these beautiful plants and gave them to the old world across the ocean. André Michaux and his son, Francois, spent several seasons during the early years of our republic not simply exploring the mountains but also collecting seeds and plants. They sent them back home, to restore ravaged forests and gardens depleted by years of war and the construction of fleets of wooden vessels.

King Louis XVI originally employed the elder Michaux to find appropriate plants to fill his gardens. The king signed the commission himself, setting out the task for the eager botanist:

> Today, the eighteenth day of July, 1785, His Majesty, being at Versailles, and having fixed his ideas on the desire . . . to introduce into his kingdom and to acclimatize there, by an intelligent and consistent culture . . . all the trees and forest plants which nature has given . . . His Majesty has felt that the success of his designs depends necessarily on his choice of a subject who combines intelligence, ripened by experience, with the faculties and strength necessary to travel in any country whatsoever to study the productions and collect with care for His Majesty plants, seeds and fruits of all trees and shrubs, even of herbaceous plants.

Arriving in New York in November, 1785, André Michaux set to work exploring, gathering, and shipping plants and seed, accompanied by his 15-year-old son Francois. André visited Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia and George Washington at Mount Vernon, among other American luminaries. He established a nursery in New Jersey and later one in Charleston, South Carolina. Here he planted and reared specimens to send to his mother country. A continual stream of seeds and plants crossed the ocean under the Michauxs' direction from

1785 to 1803. Literally thousands of specimens made the long ocean voyage from America to France to find homes in a variety of gardens and plantations. When the French Revolution occurred, the Michauxs readily accepted the new republican government and continued to work to enrich their homeland with the vegetable wonders of the New World.

From his Charleston station, Francois Michaux launched his excursions into the mountains. As I walk the forests of the Toe River Valley, I often sense the presence of the Michauxs. Deep in still impressive woodlands, I marvel at their tenacity and bravery. Today with roads crisscrossing the mountains and valleys, people still get lost and need rescuing. Over 200 years ago, when only a few trails traced the virgin wilderness, the botanists tramped here and there, climbing the highest mountains and descending into the deepest valleys searching for plants, shrubs, and trees to send home to France, or simply to catalog and identify. André Michaux's notes reveal the difficulties he faced: "The forests are impenetrable. There are no paths except for the trails made by bears. You can live only on the uncertain killing of game or acid fruits you find by chance."

The botanist must have been an amiable fellow, because he found friends wherever he strayed. His stays at Colonel John Tipton's home, now the Tipton-Haynes State Historic Site in Johnson City, Tennessee, are celebrated each year with André Michaux Day. But such havens were few and far between, literally. In March 1796 Michaux wrote in his journal, "Arrived at Lime Stone cove and slept at Charles Collier's 18 miles from Colonel Tipton's (which was located 10 miles from Jonesborough). The 22nd crossed Iron Mountain and arrived at night at David Becker's, 23 miles without seeing a house."

"David Becker's" is probably David Baker's. Baker lived on the Cane River at the site of today's Bakersville, North Carolina, which was named for him. A few more miles across the Toe River Valley he found a friend in Martin Davenport, whose home on the Toe River he visited whenever he was in the area. Davenport accompanied him on an excursion to the top of Grandfather Mountain, where they admired the view, then celebrated the two great republics of the United States and France. Michaux recorded in his journal that they "sang the *Marseillaise* and shouted 'Long Live America and the Republic of France, Long Live Liberty!' etc., etc."

One of his discoveries illustrates the international nature of his activities. The plant *Shortia galacifolia* he carried back to Paris with him became the focus of a long search that united Francois Michaux with American botanist Asa Gray and a humble mountain youth from McDowell County, North Carolina, living at the base of the Blue Ridge.

The story begins on a cold winter trip in 1788, when Michaux stopped to stay at the cabin of some Cherokee Indians near the junction of the Horsepasture and Toxaway rivers. As he wrote: "I ran off to make some investigations. I gathered a new low woody plant with saw-toothed leaves creeping on the mountains at a short distance from the river."

He wrote in his journal "*aux clair de la lune* (by the moonlight)," giving explicit directions to the place where he had found the plant. He then turned to other vegetable wonders that captured his attention. The specimens of the "low woody plant with the sawtoothed leaves" found their way to his herbarium in Paris.

The next chapter of the tale takes place in 1839, half a century later, when the young American botanist Asa Gray visited Paris to examine Michaux's collection. He came upon an unusual plant, labeled "*hautes montagnes de Caroline* (the high mountains of Carolina)."

Gray wrote: "I have discovered a new genus, in Michaux's herbarium, at the end, among the *plantae ignotae*. It is from that great unknown region, the high mountains of North Carolina . . . . I claim the right of a discoverer to affix the name. So I say, as this is a good North American genus and comes from near Kentucky, it shall be christened *Shortia*."

Dr. Charles Wilkins Short, for whom the plant was named, had corresponded with Gray for a number of years about their shared love, American plants. Short never saw the flower or the plant that was named in his honor, for he died in 1863, long before it was rediscovered in the wild.

The plant's full name was *Shortia galacifolia*, based on its resemblance to the common galax plant, as well as to honor Short. Gray was confident he could find living members of the species on his return to the United States. Since he had not found a specimen of the flower of the *Shortia* because Michaux collected the specimen in winter, Gray was especially eager to see it.

The American botanist spent the next 37 years off and on seeking the plant. He scoured the Toe River Valley and surrounding mountains, not realizing he was searching the wrong "*hautes montagnes de Caroline*." He had just about given up hope, when, in May of 1877, a 17-year-old boy from McDowell County, North Carolina, found the rare plants growing on the banks of the Catawba River not far from Marion, the county seat. George McQueen Hyams showed

his specimens to his father, an amateur botanist, who a year and a half later sent a sample to a friend in Rhode Island, who passed it on to an overjoyed Gray. Whenever I see this small creeping plant along the beds of a mountain stream, I remember the intricate web that joined a young mountain boy to two scientific giants from opposite sides of the Atlantic Ocean.

After the father and son team returned to France, the elder Michaux headed off for new countries to explore, but the younger man returned to finish their American mission. He recorded his explorations in *Travels to the West of the Alleghany Mountains*. His account is an important source today for revealing the life of Appalachia and the western territory during the early days of the nineteenth century. As his father had, the younger Michaux described his trail from East Tennessee into Western North Carolina through my community under the shadow of the Roan on the slopes of Iron Mountain.

Six years after his father had crossed Iron Mountain, Francois André Michaux followed his father's footsteps over the steep path to Iron Mountain Gap. He started his trip on horseback from "one Cayerd's at Limestone Cove." He describes the commencement and first leg of his journey:

> After having made the most minute inquiry with regard to the path I had to take, I set out about eight o'clock in the morning from Limestone Cove, and after a journey of three hours I reached the summit of the mountain, which I recognized by several trees with "the road" marked on each, and in the same direction to indicate the line of demarcation that separates the state of Tennessee from that of North Carolina.

The distance from Limestone Cove to the top he found to be two and a half miles and the distance to the foot of Iron Mountain on the other side in what is today the Buladean Community to be three miles. I have hiked this area for years, and even today parts of the forest clothing Iron Mountain are thick and confusing. While Highway 226 descends into North Carolina now, in the Michauxs' day there was not even a well-beaten path.

"The declivity of the two sides is very steep, insomuch that it is with great difficulty a person can sit upon his horse, and that half the time he is obliged to go on foot. Arrived at the bottom of the mountain, I had again, as the evening before, to cross through forests of *rhododendrum*, and a large torrent called Rocky Creek, the winding course of which cut the path in twelve or fifteen directions," Francois writes.

F.A. Michaux describes the difficulties of finding the path where it emerged from the creek each time he had to ford it. Today this rocky "torrent" is known as Big Rock Creek as it collects the waters from the Roan and Iron Mountain to dash down to join the Toe River. He was happy to reach his goal and considered himself fortunate to have survived.

He writes, "I then perceived the imprudence I had committed in having exposed myself without a guide in a road so little frequented, and where a person every moment runs the risk of losing himself on account of the sub-divisions of the road, that ultimately disappear, and which would be impossible to find again."

While I enjoy following the footsteps of the Michauxs through mountains I know and love, I also appreciate their efforts to share the botanical bounty of America with their people, making Appalachia truly international. They also introduced plants, such as the mimosa, camellia, olives, and crape myrtle into our country. In addition, during ginseng season I remember that André Michaux showed mountain folk how to properly prepare the root for the Chinese market, and his son documented the ginseng market in his *Travels*.

However, perhaps the Michauxs' most important contribution to our country is intangible. Both father and son recognized the tremendous value of America's forests, particularly the rich woodlands of Appalachia. While the struggles of early settlers to "conquer" the wilderness fostered an antagonistic attitude toward the deep woods, the indefatigable Frenchmen, in their zeal to know and preserve the bounty of that great forest, created a paradigm of admiration and careful husbandry that slowly but surely has altered the national consciousness. We see it through the many state and national forests that maintain the wilderness they explored. Both sides of the Atlantic have profited from their energetic and enthusiastic sojourns in the mountains. ❖

Michael Joslin teaches at Lees-McRae College in Banner Elk, North Carolina.

Decolonizing Appalachia

Caitlin Kight

Native Americans at a Pow-wow. Photo courtesy Charlie Warden.

This spring, after a nearly two-week tour of "Indian Country," United Nations special rapporteur James Anaya urged the United States government to return control of tribal lands to Native Americans. Anaya, who has studied and worked for the rights of indigenous peoples around the globe, stated that "the sense of loss, alienation, and indignity is pervasive" among the Native American groups with which he met, and indicated that land restoration would be an important step toward adhering to the UN Declaration of the Rights of Indigenous Peoples, endorsed by President Obama in 2010.

Even more importantly, the rapporteur also feels that the act would have a "restorative" effect on the tribes themselves, potentially helping them combat the poverty, unemployment, and health issues that have plagued their communities for years.

While many Appalachian residents might be inclined to think that all of this has very little to do with their region, they couldn't be more wrong. Just as there has been a growing movement to change outsiders' perceptions of our region and its culture in general (see, for instance, Jeff Biggers' *The United States of Appalachia* and The University of Tennessee Press's *The Encyclopedia of Appalachia*), so, too, is there increased interest in altering—or perhaps a better word would be "correcting"—our understanding of Appalachia's native inhabitants and their historical interactions with European settlers.

The primary ambassador for this cause is Stephen Pearson, a graduate student at Ohio University. Although Pearson's degree will be in education—he hopes to teach high school social studies—he spent a good portion of the past academic year conducting an independent research project on Native American identity and politics in

Appalachia. The culmination of his efforts was a presentation delivered at two major academic conferences, the 13th American Indian Studies Association Conference in Tempe, Arizona, and the 35th Annual Appalachian Studies Conference in Indiana, Pennsylvania. He also made a guest appearance on WOUB Television's *Newswatch* program.

Pearson's work garnered so much attention because it is a relatively novel blend of both Appalachian and Native American studies. The traditional separation of these two fields highlights one of the major hurdles in revising our understanding of Native American history in Appalachia. Appalachians of international descent—once mainly European but increasingly also African, Asian, and Latino—are themselves an oppressed group, even now the butt of jokes that perpetuate the backwoods hillbilly stereotype. Add to this the fact that the region has always suffered from serious economic, education, and health problems, and you can see why Appalachians would have serious incentive to band together and craft an image they can be proud of. Unfortunately, this has often led historians to ignore the fact that modern Appalachia only came into being after European colonists displaced the region's original inhabitants. To this day, many Appalachian Native Americans are denied access to and control over sacred land and are ignored when they ask for revisions to inaccurate history books.

Lest anyone misconstrue Pearson's intent or message, he is quick to point out that he himself is a European Appalachian. No stranger to the prejudices toward residents of the region, he understands the urge to emphasize only the best qualities of Appalachia while ignoring the less favorable ones. His work is in many ways inspired by his wife, an indigenous North African whose experiences with oppression and marginalization inspired Pearson to take a step back and consider Appalachia from a different perspective—the perspective of a native. Thus, while he is proud of his mountain heritage and fully supportive of efforts to educate outsiders about all that the region has to offer, he also advocates being more honest about Appalachian history.

Though most of us would probably consider the region to be "post-colonial"—in the sense that it once was a series of European colonies that eventually became part of a new, independent country—Pearson states that, technically, Appalachia is still a colonial settlement: It is governed and predominantly inhabited by the descendants of non-native settlers, while progeny of the original inhabitants remain displaced and, in many cases, unable to gain access to land that holds great spiritual importance for them. To make matters worse, many recorded histories are outdated, written by authors who failed to examine the primary literature, and generally lacking any consideration of the native viewpoint.

One reason for this, says Pearson, is that modern Appalachians would rather not dwell on uncomfortable truths. The genocidal processes that occurred during the colonization of Appalachia were deliberate, calculated efforts performed by willing individuals; admission of this may be associated with feelings of guilt or blame. It is far easier to accept and endorse current beliefs, even if they may gloss over the truth. According to Pearson, one of the details that the history books got wrong is the idea that native inhabitants were nomadic, leaving vast tracts of land unused—and, therefore, available for settlement by Europeans. While it is true that some tribes displayed some nomadic tendencies, the prevalence and extremity of these behaviors have been over-emphasized by history books; there were, in fact, many instances in which the colonists forced tribes out of occupied territories. Another myth is that the relationships between Europeans and natives were downright friendly in Appalachia, unlike encounters observed elsewhere in the American colonies. Although previous historians have blamed the federal government for the violence that did undeniably arise in the region, Pearson suggests that, actually, this view is just wishful thinking.

There are several important facts that Pearson thinks should be included in any account of early Appalachian history. First, Native Americans had complete sovereignty over Appalachian lands prior to the arrival of European settlers. While they did not have a system of land ownership comparable to the one the settlers were familiar with in the Old World, the territories

APPALACHIANS OF INTERNATIONAL DESCENT . . . ARE THEMSELVES AN OPPRESSED GROUP, EVEN NOW THE BUTT OF JOKES THAT PERPETUATE THE BACKWOODS HILLBILLY STEREOTYPE.

were, nonetheless, in the possession of the indigenous inhabitants. Second, European colonists frequently used violent tactics to gain control of tribal lands; even where this did not involve slaughter, it frequently did involve subterfuge or forceful relocation. Third, the U.S. government signed multiple treaties with the Native Americans then failed to abide by the terms of those agreements.

Admitting these inconvenient truths—and updating history books to include more Native-centric information on them—would be an important first step in the process of "decolonization," or returning sovereignty to Appalachia's Native inhabitants. Likewise, it would be important to honor treaties that have been in place since the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and restore tracts of culturally valuable land to their original inhabitants. Such a process would hopefully involve not only the Native Americans currently living within the Appalachian region but also those descended from natives who were forced to leave.

Pearson recognizes that decolonization is rarely easy; he cites, for instance, the difficulties that have arisen in South Africa and India. He is particularly aware of concerns related to land restoration; current residents may fear that they will lose their land or suddenly find themselves living down the street from a casino. The focus of restoration efforts, however, is government land rather than private property, and many tribes are interested in restoration so that they can protect areas rather than subject them to development. Indeed, organizations such as the American Indian Movement have long been involved in environmental efforts, both in Appalachia and elsewhere in the country.

Such conservation initiatives benefit not only Native American Appalachians but also those of more international descent—and this is not the only example of how a more open dialogue between "natives" and "non-natives" could help both groups. Another is related to the financial, social, and medical issues highlighted by UN rapporteur James Anaya. These affect Native Americans as well as a disproportionate number of Appalachians. Increases in collaboration and information exchange related to these problems could facilitate large-scale improvements in the quality of life of all Appalachian residents, regardless of their ancestry.

Even if the identification and recognition of shared goals do not initiate Appalachia's decolonization, Pearson thinks these achievements would still be a remarkable and important first step; after all, it is hard to move forward without first outlining the desires and motivations of all parties involved—thereby removing misconceptions that can hinder progress. This is a view shared by James Anaya, who has previously registered his frustration over the fallacies perpetuated about Native American communities. It is, of course, merely a coincidence that both Pearson and Anaya made their comments and recommendations within months of each other. However, the combination of renewed international support for improvements in indigenous rights, along with a fresh Appalachian perspective on native issues, may represent a "perfect storm" resulting in the creation of regional social policies that could be emulated across the rest of the country. ❖

Caitlin Kight is a National Science Foundation research fellow at the University of Exeter's Tremough Campus in Penryn, United Kingdom.

Comparing Global Regions:

Appalachia and Catalunya

Ted Olson

A view of Barcelona from the steps of Museu Nacional d'Art de Catalunya. Photo courtesy Charlie Warden.

A few years ago I lived for six months in the great city of Barcelona, the capital of Catalunya, once an independent nation but presently a region of Spain. I was a Fulbright Senior Scholar fulfilling a commitment to teach and conduct research outside the United States. My official mission in Barcelona was to teach several classes in American studies at two Barcelona universities. My unofficial mission was to foster enhanced intercultural understanding—Fulbrighters being, in a sense, civilian diplomats representing the U.S. government and American society globally.

When applying for participation in the Fulbright program, I asked to be placed in Barcelona because Catalunya possesses significant regional differences from the national norms within its larger political affiliation. Or so I had read and heard, and I wanted to see for myself if this was true. Comparisons between Catalunya and Appalachia, the American region I knew from extensive personal experience (I have been a longtime resident of Appalachia and a student and scholar of Appalachian studies), seemed potentially illuminating. By living in Barcelona and closely observing Catalunya's internationally recognized achievement in regaining a considerable degree of autonomy (political, socioeconomic, and cultural) after decades of suppression by its national government, I thought I might develop a more informed perspective regarding Appalachia's possible road forward.

Many people in Appalachia have been working together to overcome a history of entrenched marginalization leveled against the region from various quarters (from opportunistic outsiders as well as elite insiders); the collective effort of regional advocates has been to try to help Appalachia define itself on its own terms and to try to achieve more autonomy. I knew that Appalachia has long been misunderstood, and by living in another

global region that has had its own experience of marginalization, I hoped to gain some clarity regarding Appalachia's predicament. Yet I sensed that, in such an endeavor, I needed to proceed with both sensitivity and objectivity because I suspected that the truth was nuanced and complicated.

Upon my arrival in Barcelona, I began to learn the details of Catalunya's unique story. Through the fifteenth century, that region was an independent, self-governing nation (part of the time in alliance with Aragon, today an adjoining region in Spain); the next century, Catalunya was absorbed into the political control of Spain after the marriage of monarchs Ferdinand II of Aragon and Isabella I of Castile. Catalunya remained literally and figuratively on the margin of Spain for centuries, and in the twentieth century, because of its resistence to the Franco dictatorship, the region was politically marginalized and culturally suppressed.

After Spain's embrace of democracy in the mid-1970s, Catalunya has experienced a remarkable renaissance, including the reemergence of the formerly banned Catalan language as an official language in the region. Yet, despite its cultural and economic rejuvenation (especially after the 1992 Summer Olympic Games), Catalunya was not granted full autonomy by the Madrid-based Spanish national government. For instance, according to one regional leader I interviewed, Catalunya has generated approximately 25 percent of Spain's economic wealth while the region has received only 15 percent of Spain's redistributed financial support.

Never an independent political entity like Catalunya, Appalachia has likewise been marginalized. For example, the region's myriad natural resources—especially timber and coal—have contributed significantly to economic growth nationally and globally, and yet Appalachia has received little of that profit. Like Catalunya, Appalachia has endured cultural marginalization—especially a legacy of regional stereotyping—coming from other national parties.

Graffiti in Barcelona. "Catalonia" is the English-language variant spelling of the region's name. In fall 2012, regional leaders heightened pressure on Spain to allow Catalunya full political and economic autonomy. Photo by Charlie Warden.

As I reflect upon my experiences in Barcelona, one memory lingers: I recall discussing Appalachia and Appalachian culture with the Spanish students in one of my American Studies classes, and I realized that they had no prior awareness of Appalachia and that they held no preconceived notions about the people of the region. It became painfully obvious to me the degree to which stereotypes are constructed. The Spanish students enjoyed learning about Appalachia and Appalachian culture, and I imagine that at least some of them continued pondering the works of regional literature to which they had been introduced.

Observing Catalunya and thinking about Appalachia while living in Barcelona, I formulated a list (see chart on next page) of similarities and differences between the two regions, thinking that such a comparison might illustrate the opportunities and limitations of regions' efforts to achieve autonomy within nations that are increasingly occupied with international roles and affiliations.

On the surface, a close comparison between the two regions seemed to favor Catalunya as having been more successful in defining itself and in achieving a measure of autonomy, but of course that region was empowered immeasurably by its history of political and cultural self-rule and also by the coastal location of Barcelona, its capital. Much more analysis is necessary to fully understand what these two regions might learn from one another, and I hope to expand upon these comparative observations in a future study.

Living in Barcelona certainly confirmed for me that Catalunya and Appalachia are different types of regions on divergent trajectories, with distinct political, socioeconomic, and cultural histories contributing to their separate fates. Nonetheless, I saw that both regions have in common the experience of enduring an alarming and dispiriting level of marginalization.

I believe that the most effective way to understand the predicament of Appalachia is to study the experiences of other regions. If the world has become (in Marshall McLuhan's phrase) a "global village," wherein people's lives are integrally interconnected through shared technologies, then we should endeavor to seek answers to local and regional problems by investigating and learning from

the efforts of people around the globe. As I concluded from my observations while living in a global setting, Catalunya may well serve as a constructive example to Appalachia of how people who share a common regional heritage can work together to regain and maintain partial or full regional autonomy—pride even—against seemingly insurmountable odds.

I often reflect upon my time in Barcelona. Indeed, my studies of the Appalachian region since then have been guided, both consciously and unconsciously, by three central questions I learned to articulate there: How can regional identity help rather than hinder people in the effort to achieve more autonomy? How can people who were born and/or raised in a specific region remain there and retain their regional identities while also participating in national and global communities? And how can a regional community most effectively incorporate new ideas and perspectives from within its citizenry as well as benefit from contributions from newcomers to the community? ❖

Catalunya	Appalachia
1. The region is primarily urban	1. The region is primarily rural
2. The region claims established and indisputable geographical boundaries and cultural identity and is a province with considerable political autonomy	2. The region has never existed as a separate country or state, and its boundaries have long been disputed
3. The region's traditions are largely specific to one ethnicity	3. Traditions within the region are blended from several ethnic groups
4. Immigration is a central theme in the region's recent experience	4. Immigration in the region is defined primarily from historical perspective
5. The region's citizens have extensive experience with other cultures	5. Historically, there has been comparatively minimal interaction between people of the region and outsiders
6. The region is seen nationally and globally as being on the vanguard of change	6. Often characterized by other Americans as resistant to change, whereas the region is not widely known globally
7. People in the region think of themselves as being independent yet as being part of a larger community; they see their most fundamental affiliation as being with a transnational identity	7. People within the region think of themselves as a world-unto-themselves, yet they don't seek independence and are proudest of their national identity
8. The region maintains a prestigious educational system, with an established tradition of intellectualism	8. The region has experienced a history of under-financed education and can be described as having suffered from anti-intellectual attitudes
9. Within the region, cultural identity is reflexive, embedded in the past yet forward-thinking	9. A common tendency within the region is to look backward for cultural identity
10. Across the region, cultural/artistic expression is not defined by its relation to the past	10. Culture and the arts within the region are seen as embedded in history
11. Art tends to transcend utilitarianism within the region (witness the architecture of Antoni Gaudí, such as the cathedral he designed known as the Sagrada Família)	11. Art associated with the region is often utilitarian (the region is strongly associated with "folk art")
12. The primary motivation of modern art in the region is to explore aesthetic possibilities and universal issues	12. A primary motivation of modern art from the region is to defend the culture from stereotypes
13. Connections between family and place both enhance cultural identity and sustain industrial growth across the region	13. The institution of the family in the region can often stifle individual and social progress; close kinship ties can make it more difficult for people to leave the region to find work
14. Within the region, human culture utilizes as well as celebrates the natural environment	14. Landscape tends to define the region's culture
15. The region retains a rich cultural heritage yet embraces possibilities for cultural change	15. More elite aspects of culture are sometimes not valued or are distrusted within the region
16. There is a strong likelihood of endurance as a region because of common cultural, linguistic, and historical heritage	16. The region is large and without a clear center, hampering the region's efforts to maintain a sustainable regional way of life and cultural identity
17. The region possesses an infrastructure that is controlled by regional as well as national and global enterprises	17. The infrastructure of the region is controlled primarily by disparate "outsiders" (such as the Appalachian Regional Commission)
18. The industrial base across the region is progressive and diverse	18. Industrial base in the region has historically been (to a considerable degree) extractive and monolithic (coal, timber, textiles); efforts to modernize the region's economy have proven ineffective in many cases (tourism is a seasonal industry; hi-tech industries are unevenly distributed and owned by entities based outside the region)
19. The region is marked by a modern, state-of-the-art transportation system	19. "Geographical isolation," to the degree it has existed in the region, has resulted from the lack of a centralized transportation system
20. The land is owned by the people within the region	20. A considerable share of land ownership within the region is held by "outsiders" (for instances, coal companies, U.S. Forest Service)

Ted Olson, professor of Appalachian Studies at East Tennessee State University, has written, edited, or co-edited over fifteen books. He holds a Ph.D. from the University of Mississippi.

Appalachia and Alaska:
A Brief Comparative History

John Lewis

Teklanika River, Denali National Park. Photo courtesy Stephen A. Lewis.

What do Appalachia and Alaska have in common other than they both begin with the letter A? Despite the obvious differences in location and climate, the answer is actually quite a lot. Both regions play an iconic role as the first and last frontier within American mythology and psyche. Both are dominated by extractive industries, which overwhelmed local economies and politics and transferred enormous wealth to outside interests. While both experienced similar patterns of economic development, differences in their history reveal important lessons.

Appalachia and Alaska experienced a similar sequence of historic events. In both, Europeans pulled native people into the international economy even before initial contact. First came the fur trade and then the exploitation of other natural resources. Native populations and cultures were devastated through the introduction of European diseases, exploitation of labor, military conquest, and land appropriation. Early settlers rushed to the frontier seeking opportunity and freedom from the confines of "civilization." The small-scale developers came quickly after. Later outside corporations acquired control of rich natural resources and made billions of dollars while local communities became impoverished and landscapes despoiled.

So why is the level of poverty and environmental destruction higher in Appalachia? The answer lies in who controlled the land, when the heavy exploitation of natural resources began, and the levels of a subsistence economy and culture within the local population.

At the birth of our nation, Appalachia was the first American frontier. Americans of all types, from

semi-subsistence farmers to heavily capitalized entrepreneurs, rushed into the region. After the War of 1812, more lucrative opportunities opened up further west, and the heart of the Cumberland and Blue Ridge mountains became a haven for semi-subsistence farmers. Although legal ownership was held in private hands, everyone used the vast forests as common land for hunting, gathering plants, and grazing livestock. With the coming of the timber and coal booms in the late nineteenth century, however, companies had little trouble gaining control over the land through legal and illegal means. State and federal governments supported this process, and members of the local populations who resisted the change or loss of land and culture had little chance. Waves of new workers came into the region to cut the timber and mine the coal. Although many folk continued to produce a lot of their own food, most Appalachians were no longer semi-subsistence farmers; many became rural industrial workers.

In Alaska, Russian fur trade and settlement began in the mid-eighteenth century, but it was limited to the Aleutians and southern coast. Although this transition devastated costal people and cultures, large areas of the interior and western coast remained untouched. After the U.S. acquired Alaska in 1867, various gold rushes brought European settlers into isolated pockets in the interior and along the southeast coast. By the early twentieth century, the J.P. Morgan and Simon Guggenheim industrial syndicate gained control over the lucrative copper mines, the steamship and railroad companies, and the very profitable salmon canning industry along the southern coast. The federal government transferred small amounts of land to settlers under the Homestead Act but retained legal ownership of the vast majority of the territory.

Sparse populations in the interior and along the western and northern coasts maintained their traditional subsistence lifestyles. They were not, however, totally isolated. Whalers and fur traders visited, disease decimated populations, missionaries arrived, and native children were sent off to boarding schools to be "civilized." Nevertheless, the issue of land ownership remained largely unsettled because Alaska was so vast and largely unexplored by large-scale commercial interests.

During the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, both Alaska and Appalachia were invaded by outside corporate and industrial interests that sought to control the exploitation of natural resources through the domination of local politics and economies. Because the land in Appalachia was already in private hands, resistance to this development was minimal. In Alaska, resistance to outside interests set the stage for the movement to statehood, which would change things in significant ways.

In the twentieth century, Alaskans began to clamor for home rule, mainly because the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate was destroying fish stocks and limiting economic opportunities of recent settlers. Under territorial government, federal policy continued to favor big business to the detriment of local Alaskans. By 1958, persistent lobbying and the tenor of the times made statehood possible. The new Alaska Constitution was a very progressive one. The state's natural resources were to be managed as a public trust for the benefit of all citizens, using principles of development, conservation, and sustainability. To help finance the new government, the Alaska Statehood Act transferred about 30 percent of the federally-owned land to the state government and 90 percent of the income from mineral leases. Native land claims remained unsettled, but this would not last for long.

In 1967 the discovery of oil in Prudhoe Bay changed everything in the young state. Developing this oil field meant building an 800-mile pipeline from the North Slope to the port of Valdez, which required the settlement of unresolved land claims. Throughout American history, indigenous peoples' land claims had always been swept aside one way or another. Although Native Alaskans had already participated more in the political process than was possible anywhere else in the country, this had not prevented their loss of land rights in southeastern Alaska. Times had changed, however. The Civil Rights era raised national appreciation for minority rights, and Native Alaskans gained political allies throughout the country. To get the required federal permits in a timely manner, supporters of the pipeline now had to deal fairly with Native rights.

The Alaska Natives were able to unite disparate and rival ethnic groups to form the Alaska Federation of Natives. Their lobbying, coupled with the efforts of sympathetic federal bureaucrats and non-governmental organizations, led to a freeze on the transfer of federal land until aboriginal claims could be settled. Despite the fact that many in Congress and in the white community of Alaska felt that aboriginal people were not entitled to any compensation for the loss of traditional land, in the end Native Alaskans prevailed.

The 1971 Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act transferred nearly one billion dollars and nearly forty-four million acres of land to twelve newly-established, for-profit, regional corporations, which were owned by Native shareholders. The surface rights to the immediate areas surrounding villages were given to local corporations. While not exactly retaining communal rights for native villages, which was politically impossible in a nation committed to private property, the unique structure of the Native Alaska corporations gave Native groups some control over land development.

Meanwhile, this was the same period when Appalachia was "rediscovered" and characterized by dire poverty and "traditional" culture. Congress created the Appalachian Regional Commission to channel federal funds into improving the regional economy, with limited success. Newly formed non-governmental organizations and a few academic, labor, and community leaders advocated for a return to local control, but natural resources and to a large degree local politics remained under the power of extractive industries. Levels of poverty marginally improved while the destruction of the natural environment continued unabated. Appalachian mountainfolk were to be more pitied than empowered.

The history of Alaska is only relatively more positive than Appalachia. Native Alaskans continue to face discrimination, cultural disintegration, and powerful outside economic forces. Native Alaskans are neither united between or within villages about how to deal with the challenges they face. For example, the future of the Pebble Mine Project in southwest Alaska hangs in the balance. It could become the biggest open pit gold and copper mine in North America and easily destroy one of the richest and sustainable sources of fish in the entire world. Environmentalists fight mining interests. Some Native Alaskans want the jobs and cash income; others want to maintain a traditional subsistence economy. However, the point is that the decision still hangs in the balance. In Appalachia, with more than 450 mountains destroyed, streams polluted, and rising health risks and poverty rates, the possible outcomes seem limited to how fast or slow the destruction will continue. In Alaska, alternative voices are louder and more diverse. Occasionally a coalition can even defeat Big Oil, as when the Alaska legislature raised the tax on oil in 2008.

One reason environmental concerns have more political power in Alaska is Americans feel more ownership over a state where the federal government still owns more than 60 percent of land including twenty-three national parks and sixteen national wildlife refuges. Equally important is the role of the subsistence economy. According to the Arctic Council, the average Alaskan, including non-natives, consumes 375 pounds of wild food per year. It is also incorporated into the state and federal laws that give subsistence hunting and fishing preference over commercial or recreational interests in large areas of the state.

In the Appalachian coalfields, residents have become dependent upon outside corporations to provide their jobs. They produce less and less of their own food because they have less and less access to the natural environment. Even in the Blue Ridge, the mountains are overrun with summer homes and resorts, and local folk can no longer afford to own land in their ancestral communities.

For Alaska, Appalachia is certainly a cautionary tale about giving extractive industries too much political influence and power. For Appalachia, Alaskan history shows the value of defending traditional semi-subsistence cultures and alternative voices. Appalachians need to reclaim some of their local economies and cultural legacy of providing more food, services, and entertainment for themselves. At the same time they need to increase their awareness of the cultural diversity within the region. A heritage of semi-subsistence farmers and an ethnically diverse modern society are not necessarily contradictory. If reclaimed, they can provide the foundation and variety of voices needed to save the mountains and move forward into a better future. ❖

John Lewis is an independent scholar living in Emory, Virginia. He is currently working on a book that explores the agricultural economy in nineteenth-century Appalachia.

The Wide Reach of Climate Change:
Inupiats of Kivalina, Alaska, Fight Energy Giants in Appalachia

Annalisa Raymer

Aerial view of Kivalina, Alaska. Photo ©Paul Andrew Lawrence / www.paulcolors.com

One of several Alaskan Native communities whose very existence is threatened by climate change, the Inupiats of Kivalina must relocate their village. The lessening and late arrival of sea ice is eroding the ground beneath the village and ruining the community's subsistence food system. For this village, and others in similar straits, relocation is the only option for keeping the traditional community alive.

The people of Kivalina acted to hold energy corporations accountable for their role in the climate change by launching a legal battle in the courts, filing suit in February 2008. The latest twist in this groundbreaking case unfolded in Virginia where Kivalina charged the Virginia-based AES Corporation, along with other litigants, with causing rising levels of greenhouse gases. While our Appalachian region confronts mountaintop removal, the far reach of carbon dioxide emissions from burning coal is keenly felt by distant communities struggling for their material and cultural survival. As described in the article by John Lewis in this issue, Appalachia and Alaska have much in common, and suffering a grave loss of homeplace because of coal is yet another similarity.

To understand the Kivalina story first requires having an image of the village's physical setting. Located on a narrow spit of land between the Chukchi Sea on one side and a lagoon of the Kivalina River on the other, Kivalina is at the tip of an eight-mile barrier island, 120 miles north of the Arctic Circle. Due to constant erosion, the width of the island at the site of the Kivalina settlement is hard to pin down, but 120 feet is a reasonable approximation at this time. The aerial photo above reveals the proximity of buildings to the water. What appears to be a long unpaved road is the airstrip.

In their lawsuit, *Kivalina v. ExxonMobil Corporation, et al.*, the Kivalinians charge nineteen American energy and oil companies, many based or operating in Appalachia, with responsibility for carbon dioxide emissions contributing to climate change. The lawsuit further charges the energy companies with civil conspiracy, asserting

they regularly fund and orchestrate climate change denial campaigns in the same way the tobacco industry misled the public about the dangers of smoking for decades. The suit asserts:

> There has been a long campaign by power, coal, and oil companies to mislead the public about the science of global warming . . . . Initially, the campaign attempted to show that global warming was not occurring. Later, and continuing to the present, it attempts to demonstrate that global warming is good for the planet and its inhabitants or that even if there may be ill effects, there is not enough scientific certainty to warrant action. The purpose of this campaign has been to enable the electric power, coal, oil and other industries to continue their conduct contributing to the public nuisance of global warming by convincing the public at-large and the victims of global warming that the process is not man-made when in fact it is.

In the legal claim, lawyers for Kivalina identify some of the front organizations conducting misinformation campaigns under names which hide their connections to coal and oil companies. According to the lawsuit, The Advancement of Sound Science (TASSC) is one such organization, established in 1993 by a public relations firm then working for the Phillip Morris tobacco company to discredit scientific studies pertaining to health effects of tobacco smoke. TASSC promoted industry-sponsored studies as "sound science" while positioning rigorous studies showing the hazards of smoking as "junk science." Similarly, TASSC went on to employ the same tactics on behalf of ExxonMobil and other fossil fuel industries to claim a division within the scientific community over the causes of climate change. At the TASSC-sponsored website, JunkScience.com, a climate-change denier can find plenty of fuel and fodder.

Perhaps more telling are leaked internal documents of another front organization, the Information Council on the Environment, ICE. Formed by energy companies and trade groups including the National Coal Association, ICE initiated mass mailings and radio advertisement campaigns attacking the validity of climate change science. According to the Kivalina lawsuit, ICE documents reveal specific targeting of "older, less-educated males" and "younger, low-income women" with the goal of repositioning climate change as merely "a theory" rather than as documented fact.

Still pending on appeal, the Kivalina lawsuit is itself historic. A spin-off lawsuit which unfolded in the Supreme Court of Virginia is arguably even more significant. One of the defendants named in the first lawsuit, AES, is headquartered in Virginia. At the time of the Kivalina filing, AES turned to its insurer, Steadfast Insurance Company, requesting a legal defense and coverage of any damages awarded under a comprehensive general liability (CGL) policy AES carried with the company. This gets a little complicated, but the gist of the matter is that CGL insurance covers what the industry refers to as *occurrences*. An occurrence is something unforeseen which causes harm.

While Steadfast did provide an initial defense, the insurance company also filed a counter claim in circuit court. The case eventually landed in the state Supreme Court—twice. Steadfast said it did not owe AES coverage for any damages that might be awarded because harm caused by greenhouse gas emissions did not constitute an occurrence. The Virginia Supreme Court agreed, and in the decision made in April of 2012, the court said that damages caused by the greenhouse gases regularly emitted by AES were not accidental, stating, "If a result is the natural or probable consequence of an insured's intentional act, it is not an accident." In other words, AES cannot claim damage from its carbon emissions were unforeseen.

Whether or not this ruling will ultimately aid the Kivalinians' original case, the decision in *AES v. Steadfast* has already sent shockwaves through the corporate legal defense community. While legal decisions may sometimes seem abstract and vague, the conditions of Kivalinians and others suffering loss of homeplaces are concrete and immediate. That the ground of their homeplace is being swallowed by the sea is not an abstraction to the Inupiat villagers of Kivalina who watch every storm with baited breath, monitoring the shoreline with the marine radio in hand, ready to sound the evacuation alarm as crashing waves undercut foundations beneath homes and buildings. ❖

Annalisa Raymer is assistant professor of public policy and community service at Emory & Henry College in Virginia.

Appalachian World View Crumbles

Harold Branam

Phone lines in Houston, Ft. Lauderdale, and Philadelphia
heated up as the dire news flew from brother to brother:
"Mom has stopped making biscuits."

Our younger brother was the first to suffer
the bitter taste of toast after hungering for biscuits
all the way from Korea through Dubai and Rome.

My other brother and I digested the news slowly,
from a distance, preparing ourselves for the reality,
even if there's no way to get ready for the shock.

When we visited, she gave us the same word:
"Every morning for fifty years I made biscuits
to send your dad off to the coal mines; that's it."

After he died, everything went to hell. If not toast,
she gave us those prepared biscuits baked from cans
or leftover Colonel Sanders and Cracker Barrel.

What she's telling us is we don't have to go
down into the coal mines and work like Dad.
We can get our biscuits in London or Paris.

What we can't tell her is in those places
they think we're asking for cookies and
as biscuits go so goes the world.

Harold Branam is assistant editor of the *International Encyclopedia of Communications*. His poetry has appeared in *Now & Then*, *Appalachian Journal*, *Ars Medica*, and other magazines and has been read by Garrison Keillor on *The Writer's Almanac*.

Burnsville Sandwiches Go Global

Fred Sauceman

The Garden Deli in Burnsville, North Carolina. Photo courtesy Greg Yuziuk.

Edward Yuziuk, son of Ukrainian immigrants, moved to Burnsville, North Carolina, in 1968 and started the town's newspaper, the *Yancey Journal*. After he sold the newspaper, he opened the Garden Deli in 1987 on the town square. Edward died in 1997, but the restaurant continued, under the ownership of his son, Greg, and Greg's wife, Hiroko. The Yuziuk family's "totally secret" sauerkraut recipe traveled from Ukraine to Manhattan's East Village, where Edward grew up. Edward's Japanese daughter-in-law now makes it for Garden Deli pastrami Reuben sandwiches.

"Our bread is authentic New York rye, the same bread that is used by the Carnegie Deli," Greg says.

As an economics student at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, Greg enjoyed the Greek grilled cheese sandwich served by Hector's on Franklin Street, so he added it to the Garden Deli menu. Melted American cheese is seasoned with oregano. The sandwich is packed with lettuce, tomato, and onions and served on lightly grilled pita bread, with the Greek cucumber sauce, *tzatziki*.

"The pita is handmade and hand-stretched," says Greg. "We use Old World supplies."

Greg says his father "showed me everything" about the food business. That knowledge has been shared with Hiroko, who makes about 80 pounds of chicken salad every week and plates it up in four-ounce servings.

In the hands of the Yuziuk family, food traditions of Ukraine, Japan, Manhattan, and North Carolina converge on the well-laden plates of the Garden Deli. ❖

Fred Sauceman writes the "Flavors" column for *Blue Ridge Country* magazine.

Sounding Place:
Performing Appalachia in a Small Czech Town

Lee Bidgood

ETSU faculty Dr. Lee Bidgood and Roy Andrade with students and jeeps outside the town of Luka nad Jihlavou. Photo courtesy Petr Fischer.

The vans pulled into town late in the morning, and bags, instruments, and students piled out, curious to see the place where the gig would occur. This part was familiar to the Old Time Pride Band, an ETSU band that frequently performs off-campus. For this group of Bluegrass, Old-Time, and Country Music Studies students, however, the destination was Luka nad Jihlavou, a small Czech town in southeastern Bohemia.

The band members had arrived in Luka that morning in June of 2011 thanks to ETSU's International Programs office and the Department of Appalachian Studies, but they had been directed to that particular town because of me. As the students stepped into this small Czech town, I was thinking, "What have I gotten us into?"

I asked myself the very same thing on a frosty spring evening in 2003 sitting in a train headed toward Jihlava, the regional capital a few kilometers from Luka. I had spent the previous two days at a bluegrass festival to the north, near the Polish border, and was headed to Jihlava because I wanted to observe a performance by a visiting American group. I was in the middle of ethnomusicological fieldwork as a Fulbright student, conducting preliminary research that led to my Ph.D. in critical and comparative studies in music at the University of Virginia.

Still chilled from a night sleeping out under the stars on the snowy ground outside the festival site, a communist-era "house of culture," I was making the trip across the country because I wanted to see how a small-town Czech audience reacted to seeing real

ETSU's Old Time Pride Band performing in July 2011 at the Zahrada festival near the city of Olomouc, Czech Republic. Photo courtesy Emily Bidgood.

live American bluegrass performers. My research on Czech bluegrass was aimed at understanding Czech responses to this music that is rooted in Appalachia and rural America.

The American band Special Consensus performed a hot set, and I got to speak with several Czech audience members about the experience. I was most intrigued with the band that opened the evening, a local group named Roll's Boys. The musicians were excited to be on the same bill with celebrated banjoist Greg Cahill—especially Zdeněk Roh, the banjoist. The rest of the evening is overshadowed by my own meeting with Zdeněk. He invited me to stay at his home, we sat up half the night talking, and we have become fast friends and colleagues since.

Zdeněk proposed in 2010 that I work to bring a group from ETSU to the Czech Republic, and he suggested that it be an old-time, not a bluegrass, group. The various incarnations of bluegrass, from Flatt and Scruggs to Newgrass Revival and Alison Krauss, all have their followers in the Czech Republic. A bluegrass association there boasts hundreds of member bands and an active festival calendar. There are fewer sources for information and fewer musicians playing old-time.

Since Czech musicians first heard Earl Scruggs on US Armed Forces Network Radio in the 1950s, and since they first saw Pete Seeger in concert and discovered that the banjo should have five strings (they were previously only familiar with the four-stringed tenor version), information about bluegrass has been difficult to obtain. The fall of communism in 1989 and the development of today's global Internet connectivity has meant that information is easier to get, but subtle musical distinctions don't always carry through cultural and language barriers. Zdeněk is a skilled bluegrass banjo builder and player but recently has been working on clawhammer and other old-time banjo styles.

After learning that old-time banjo master Roy Andrade was my coworker at ETSU, Zdeněk floated the idea of a trip, and we began to organize it, piece by piece. The first segment came to a close as Zdeněk and a colleague picked us up at the Prague airport and drove our group to Luka. Our ambitious plan involved four stops in thirteen days: Luka, Prague, a second small town farther to the southeast, and a folk festival in the northeastern part of the country.

At Luka our group would lead a workshop on old-time music and perform at a bluegrass festival. In Prague we would tour historical sites and prepare for the next two performances, at a small-town arts center and at one of the country's largest folk festivals.

The thirteen days were filled with sounds and sights, and all of us had an incredible time. But the group's stay in Luka made the deepest impression. One important reason is linked to my initial trip to the Jihlava highlands in 2003. This region is a hotbed of what I call "Americanism"—interest and activity based in real or imagined (or what my colleague Ruth Ellen Gruber calls "real imaginary") ideas of the United States. Luka is home to a club that since the 1980s has promoted the restoration of World-War-II-era military vehicles and has put on a bluegrass festival and other musical events. Although all of these activities are popular throughout the country, Luka's small size and the energy and focus of this club have made it a sort of Americanist center.

This club, the Friends of the Balkan Ranch, served as host for the workshop and festival and treated the ETSU guests like royalty. These Czechs love American music and have devoted a significant part of their lives to understanding English-language texts, decoding

banjo-instruction books, and struggling to get hard-to-find recordings. To have musicians perform live was an exciting prospect, but even better was the chance to learn stylistic and technical details through face-to-face interaction with American musicians.

As I am almost fluent in Czech, I led the fiddle lessons, along with Trae McMaken, a top northern old-time fiddler and a graduate student in ETSU's master of arts in liberal studies program. The group we worked with ranged from kids to the senior member of the Balkan Ranch club, but we were able to work on bowing exercises, teach some standard old-time tunes, and get the group playing and improvising with each other.

Roy Andrade's banjo class was packed with students who hung on his every word (through Zdeněk Roh's translation). A few musicians met to work on singing, but the largest group of the workshop was the clogging and square-dance group, held in conjunction with a local art school.

Our time in Luka culminated in the festival performance. The ETSU Old Time Pride Band was the headlining act, following Roll's Boys, a newgrassy group named Modrotisk, and several local bands. I was playing mandolin with the Old Time Pride Band and noticed as we took our places around the microphone that the audience seemed to expand, drawing closer to the stage and giving us their undivided attention. At the workshop we had struggled to convey knowledge about the music, but onstage that evening, the sharing of music seemed effortless.

Later that night, the cultural exchange continued as Americans and Czechs jammed. I was passing through one jam and noticed that our fiddler and singer Noah Wall was treating the group to a lovely rendition of the "Tennessee Waltz" and heard her repeat the last line to gracefully end the song, when a group of Czech musicians took over and surprised Noah by belting out a Czech translation of the song!

I continue to be surprised by the ways that Czech Americanism is less about anything actually American and is more about a specific Czech expression of self and community. This is nowhere more tangible than in Luka. The special blend of excitement for music and people from the United States and the unique transformations of American culture in that town are part of the magic that our group enjoyed during our visit.

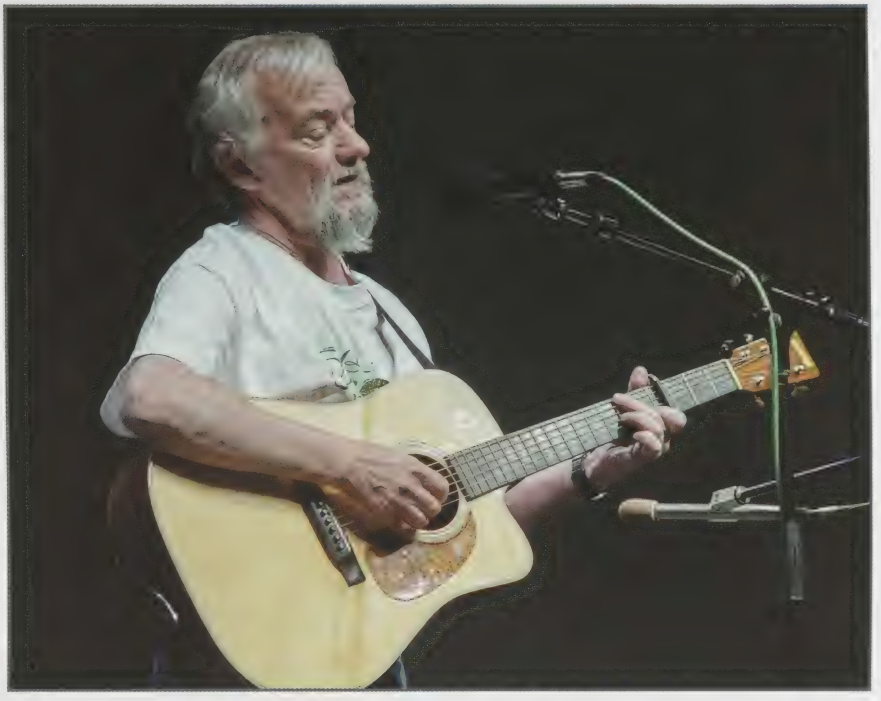
As a study abroad trip, this venture was an invaluable experience both for the ETSU students and for our Czech hosts and audiences. The trip also established ties between this corner of the Appalachian region and another area that, though far removed, is passionately engaged with the musical culture here.

My current research project is a collaboration, a documentary that I helped film in 2011 after the study abroad trip had ended. I am excited about this project, because it will offer audiences all over the world the chance to hear the sounds of Czech bluegrass, to glimpse the people and places where a music that started in Appalachia has come to thrive. In this effort, and in my continuing work to establish a long-term study abroad program in the Czech Republic, I hope that many more Czechs and Appalachian musicians come to know what connects them and what they can learn from each other. ❖

Lee Bidgood is assistant professor in the Department of Appalachian Studies at East Tennessee State University, teaching courses in Bluegrass, Old-Time, and Country Music Studies.

Sounds from the Clanjamfry

Wayne Winkler



Jack Beck at the Swannanoa Gathering in North Carolina. Photo courtesy R. L. Geyer.

Visitors to the Tales of the Lonesome Pine Bookstore in Big Stone Gap, Virginia, sometimes have an unusual request for the co-owner of the store: "Say something." When Jack Beck answers in his rich Scottish burr, these citizens of the relatively isolated mountains of southwest Virginia realize they have in their community a connection to the world outside the mountains, outside the United States. Each week, public radio station WETS-FM/HD transmits that musical lowland Scots accent and Beck's program *Celtic Clanjamfry* to radio listeners in the Tri-Cities region of Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina, and, via Internet, to listeners across the globe.

Dunfermline, in the county of Fife, lies three miles from the Firth of Forth, the estuary that divides Fife from Edinburgh. The city of over 46,000 people has given much to the world, mainly in the form of people. Dunfermline was the birthplace of Andrėw Carnegie, industrialist and philanthropist, whose millions funded libraries, schools, and universities in the U.S., the United Kingdom, Canada, and other countries. Other famous sons of Dunfermline include General John Forbes, who fought in the American French and Indian War and founded the city of Pittsburgh; singers Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull and Stuart Adamson of Big Country; authors Iain Banks, Robert Gillfillian, and Robert Henryson; poet John Burnside; and Jack Beck, musician and host of *Celtic Clanjamfry* on WETS-FM/HD in Johnson City, Tennessee. Some of the sons of Dunfermline left to find their fortunes. Jack Beck didn't expect to be one of them.

"One of the first things I noticed when I came over here," Beck recounts, "is the fact that most Americans that I've come across are not likely to stay around where they were born. There seems to be an expectation here that you're likely to move, and to move quite a distance."

By contrast, for most of Beck's life, he lived within 25 miles of where he was born. "And there was more of an expectation that what you started doing when you left school was what you would do until you retire. Now life is different. The world is different." Jack's father had a

painting and decorating business. Jack served his apprenticeship with his father and eventually took over the business, but his life was destined to follow a far different path.

The world outside Scotland and the U.K. introduced itself to young Jack Beck in part through a capricious radio signal from Radio Luxembourg.

"BBC Radio was the only radio that was allowed in Britain," he remembers. "There were no commercial radio stations; there was no other radio at all. The only option for commercial radio was to broadcast to Britain from somewhere else. So this radio station was set up in Luxembourg, but it was aimed toward a British audience. In those days, with the technology available, the reception was never that wonderful. It would fade out, then fade back in; you'd always be adjusting the set to try and get it. But that was the only way you could hear pop music. The BBC had pretty dry programs; they didn't have a pop music channel at all. You would occasionally get a BBC orchestra 'reinterpreting' pop records, and it was just awful. I mean, it was terrible! So Luxembourg was a kind of escape route to a marvelous world."

The world transmitted via the radio included American folk music, which gained popularity in the 1950s and '60s. As the celebrated "folk music revival" reached its peak, Beck was learning to play some of these songs on the guitar. Novice musicians across the British Isles reinterpreted American folk idioms in the form of "skiffle." Glasgow native Lonnie Donegan launched the craze with Leadbelly's "Rock Island Line," a record that even got attention in the United States. For thousands of young people across the British Isles, including Jack Beck in Dunfermline and John Lennon in Liverpool, skiffle became a gateway into music and much more. It was accessible, easy to play, and used rudimentary instrumentation. "Typically the lineup would be three guys," according to Beck. "One guy playing guitar, one guy playing the banjo, and one guy playing what here [in Appalachia] would be called a washtub bass. There [Great Britain] it was a 'tea chest bass.' Those big plywood boxes that tea was delivered in, once they were empty, they made a perfect soundbox for a bass, with a broom handle and a single piece of string. Maybe a washboard for percussion, with thimbles on your fingers. That was skiffle groups."

Many of the songs that struck Jack Beck's fancy originated in Appalachia, songs by performers like the Carter Family and the Stanley Brothers. Jack remembers "Dark as a Dungeon" in particular. "This area [southwest Virginia] is a coal mining area, and so is Fife, the county I come from; we're surrounded by coal mines. My grandfather was a coal miner. So there's another strong connection there. Also Carter Family songs like 'Keep on the Sunny Side.' They appealed because they were simple; you could learn them by ear, you didn't have to learn them from a sheet of music. You could learn three chords and get by on three chords—maybe throw in a minor for spice.

"So the funny thing is that at the time I had no idea I'd end up living over in this area, within 45 minutes of the Carter Fold and within less than that of Ralph Stanley's place. There I was listening to that kind of music and trying to learn to play that kind of music. And that's what led me to an interest in Scottish music.

"There was a guy in my hometown, John Watt—he died just last year, sadly—John was one of a small group of people who started folk music clubs. Very often the music would be in a church hall or in just a basement somewhere that had been converted. Normally they weren't venues for anything else; they were just places that were converted into some kind of venue, but just for a folk song club that would meet maybe once a week. These sprang up at about the same time in Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Falkirk, and in my home town, Dunfermline. John started this club in 1961. I think it was on Thursday nights, once a week."

An audience for the traditional folk music of Scotland had been building for a decade already, inadvertently aided by the staid Edinburgh International Festival. Since its inauguration in 1947, the three-week, late August event has drawn some of the world's top artists in theatre, opera, dance, and music.

"It's very kind of upper-class," says Beck. "It's very much opera, classical music—it's kind of exclusive. There was a reaction against that by a group of people in Edinburgh. They felt that the ordinary people weren't being represented."

Those whose tastes were represented by the festival were the city's middle class and its artistic "elite." Singer, songwriter, and poet Hamish Henderson called them the "Edinbourgoise."

A coalition of artists, unions, and leftist political groups began the first Edinburgh People's Festival in August 1951, an event aimed at and priced for working class families.

"What they did was to bring the people who were recognized as tradition bearers, people who were carrying an oral tradition—singers, bagpipers, fiddle players, accordion players—and they put on a series of concerts each year, in parallel with this big festival. Out of that began to grow a wider awareness, and this guy I'm talking about, John Watt

from Dunfermline, had been over to some of these things and had got to know some of the people involved and become aware himself."

Beck joined with Watt to start The Dunfermline Houff and credits Watt with "a very enlightened attitude about who he booked as the guests at the club." Artists doing popular American folk material with professional polish brought patrons into the club, but Watt paired these acts with some of the "tradition bearers."

"People who were in their sixties and seventies, who'd sung these songs all their lives," Beck recalls. "Many of them were travelers, tinkers, people who lived an itinerant life. And because of their way of life, without radios, without TV, with only their own means of entertaining themselves and each other, they had kept all of this music alive, through generations, through centuries. I was hearing these people, and that's how I made the connection."

Beck studied painting and decorating at a nearby college, then took over his father's business. Eventually he became the chair of the department at the college. But his other life was music, and he knew and worked with performers including Archie Fisher, the Macalmans, Rab Noakes, and the Incredible String Band. He performed with singer Barbara Dickson in the mid-1960s and co-founded Heritage, whose 15-year run included recordings, radio and TV broadcasts, and tours undertaken during summer vacations. Beck also worked as a solo performer and began making annual trips to the U.S. in 1989.

Meanwhile the BBC's stranglehold on British radio had been broken by the introduction of a few commercial stations like Edinburgh's Radio Forth, named after the fabled Firth. Heritage performed on that station, and later Beck was invited to host an episode of BBC Scotland's *Celtic Connections* series.

"That was the first time I ever sat down in a radio studio and presented music," remembered Beck. "And then I was sitting at home one day and I got a call from a small community radio station—not a commercial radio station and not the BBC."

Heartland FM is an independent community station, operated by volunteers, in Pitlochry. The American host of a program called *Scene Around* asked Beck to fill in for a few weeks. The job became permanent when the American never returned. At about that same time, he met Wayne Bean, a former U.S. Navy submariner from Maine who also performed Celtic music.

"He married a Scotswoman," recounts Jack, "who had a record collection. In the record collection were a couple of LPs from Heritage. He was very taken particularly with the songs, and he managed to track me down; it took him quite a while. He was at his wife's home in Scotland, and he phoned me up. I thought it was one of the guys in the group trying to wind me up. I thought it was a joke." The two became friendly and stayed in touch.

Bean moved to Greeneville, Tennessee, and on Beck's next trip to America, he joined Bean on the bill of a concert with Jean Redpath. Redpath, Beck, and Bean also performed on WETS-FM, and afterward Bean began hosting a Celtic music program on the station, entitled *Celtic Corner*.

"He knew I had started doing this show in Scotland, so I started sending stuff over to him, initially on ordinary cassettes and eventually on DAT tapes. It always used to amuse me because some of the people I interviewed in Scotland, their accents were so thick, you know, very Scottish. I couldn't imagine what it must have sounded like going out to your audience here."

Denise Cozad replaced Bean, renaming the show *Music from the Stone Circle*, and continued to air tapes from *Scene Around* as well as recordings from the station library and from her own collection. And, like Bean, Cozad recorded many of her shows and sent them to Beck in Scotland. Today that would be accomplished easily and instantly through a transfer of audio files on the Internet. Then, however, it was a matter of each radio host putting tape cassettes in padded envelopes and mailing them across the Atlantic.

Jack Beck hosted *Scene Around* on Heartland FM for about ten years. He continued to perform, both as a solo artist and in duos with artists such as Heritage alumnus George Haig, guitarist Sandy Stanage, and his colleague from the folk club days, John Watt. In 1990 Beck became an honorary life member of the Traditional Music and Song Association of Scotland. He retired from his community college position in 1992 but continued to work as an education and training consultant.

"And then I moved away from here," says Beck. "By that time, I'd met and married Wendy." Wendy Welch, who grew up in East Tennessee, is a storyteller and author with a Ph.D. in anthropology and folklore from Memorial University of St. Johns, Newfoundland. Jack's retirement allowed them freedom.

"We could be anywhere. We moved down to Lancashire in the north of England for about a year and a half because she was working as a community storyteller for the Library Service down there, working with refugees and asylum seekers from North Africa and the Middle

East, India, and Pakistan. And then we moved across to the States here, permanently."

After a year and a half in Florida, Jack and Wendy moved to Big Stone Gap, Virginia, where Wendy had taken a job.

Big Stone Gap is just ninety minutes from WETS-FM, where Jack's Heartland FM programs had been broadcast. I had met Jack years before on one of his American visits and was happy to learn that he and Wendy had moved nearby. WETS had lost its locally-produced Celtic music program when Denise Cozad died following a long battle with pancreatic cancer.

"Almost as soon as I got here, I realized that since Denise had, sadly, died, you hadn't had a Celtic music program," Jack told me recently. "I think I emailed you and said I was in the area. And if I recall, you emailed back in about five minutes and said, 'Get yourself down here!'" Very quickly, Beck began producing *Celtic Clanjamfry* ("Clanjamfry" is a Scottish term meaning a rabble or a mob).

Jack's radio career (as in Scotland, Jack is an unpaid volunteer) was secure, but unfortunately Wendy's job didn't work out. For a number of reasons, including the proximity of Wendy's family and friends as well as many friends of Jack, they wanted to stay in Big Stone Gap, so they made a rather unusual decision. They decided to open a bookstore.

Even before the recent economic crisis, local bookstores seemed to be well on the way to becoming anachronisms. It's difficult to compete with the big chain stores, not to mention online sales. Independent bookstores are rapidly disappearing from the landscape, and even large chains are closing stores. Yet the Tales of the Lonesome Pine Used Bookstore, named after the John Fox, Jr., novel and located in a Victorian house on Clinton Avenue, has become a center of community activity. Regularly scheduled activities include music jams, needlepoint, a writers group, a movie night, and conversation nights. Jack and Wendy also organized an annual Celtic festival, and various classes and workshops are held throughout the year. Wendy, who is now also on the faculty of the University of Virginia's College at Wise, wrote a book about their experiences. *The Little Bookstore in Big Stone Gap* was published by St. Martin's Press in October 2012.

In early 2012, Jack Beck became a citizen of the United States of America. "I'm a great believer in no taxation without representation, and I began paying my taxes, same as everyone else, from the moment I arrived."

Celtic Clanjamfry continues to be heard on the radio and the Internet. Jack continues to perform and educate, and he returns to Scotland each year, including a recent trip to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Dunfermline Houff folk club with co-founder John Watt, who died shortly afterward.

"I'm happy to be an American," Beck affirms, "but I'll never cease being Scottish."

Jack has made himself at home in a part of the world that has attracted Scottish settlers for centuries. "I've been made welcome by the settlers that were already here." He brings to his little corner of Appalachia a bit of the global connection that has motivated him throughout his life and that continues to enrich Appalachia. ❖

Wayne Winkler is director of WETS-FM/HD in Johnson City, Tennessee.

Tales of Tennessee, New Zealand Style

Jane MacMorran

Colleen Trenwith. Photo courtesy Mary Hayes.

Each summer, world-class fiddler and East Tennessee State University faculty member Colleen Trenwith returns home to winter in New Zealand. During that time she plays a series of shows called *Tales of Tennessee*. "I play and talk about fiddle tunes and join in with others in their songs," Colleen says of the show. "The songs are mostly country, alternative country, or Western Swing, with some bluegrass and old time fiddle tunes. The concerts are proving to be very popular, and New Zealanders are gradually learning about and appreciating the richness of the Appalachian music and culture in this way."

Colleen is not a newcomer to the bluegrass genre. Although the Hamilton County Bluegrass Band is not a household name in the United States, the band's influence in the Southern Hemisphere is seismic. The album liner notes to the *Hamilton County Bluegrass Band 1968 to 1973* emphasize the band's influence:

> On the wall at the Devonport Folk Club is a chart showing the course of the Sixties – a time-line of the political, social and cultural events of those turbulent times. Around 1968, the chart lists the Beatles, Bob Dylan and the Hamilton County Bluegrass Band, together. The surprise is not just that this New Zealand country music group should be mentioned in the same breath as those world-famous names, trail-blazers in folk and pop. The interesting point is that, in the minds of many New Zealanders, the years when HCBB rode high in the public's estimation were flashpoint years, and bluegrass music was the touchstone of an era.

"When I first heard bluegrass and old time music in the '60s in New Zealand, it was the start of a new direction in playing the fiddle, after years of playing

classical music," says Colleen. "I loved the intricacies of the sound, the rhythmic aspect of the bowing styles, the sounds of the double stops, and the challenge of working up fiddle tunes and fiddle solos in songs up to a good speed."

Colleen notes that Celtic music seems to be more natural for New Zealand fiddlers because of the country's early Scottish and English settlers. "There are very few bluegrass and old-time music purists in New Zealand," says Colleen. "It seems that any bluegrass musician in a band diversifies either by choice or by necessity and plays Celtic music and country music at some stage in their musical journey as well."

At Hamilton Teachers' College, Colleen met her future band members and joined the Hamilton County Bluegrass Band in 1966. According to Colleen, the band still plays with three original members, including herself. She recalls, "We were asked to be on a TV series called *The Country Touch*. It was on every Wednesday night from seven-thirty to eight o'clock. The show was our band performing, and backing up all the other singers and playing for the square dance that was a regular feature. In that way, I became very well-known as a fiddle player because there was only one channel on TV at the time, and it was in black and white!"

In the mid-seventies the HCBB laid down their instruments to raise

families. By this time, the band had done over fifty TV shows, recorded nine albums, performed at hundreds of concerts, been featured in a National Film Unit "short," and had written jingles. The band toured extensively and played for Bill Monroe on his show at the Grand Ole Opry.

One of Colleen's students, a western North Carolinian who had come to New Zealand to study dairy farming, encouraged her to travel to Asheville, North Carolina. "During my trips to this country, my friends would take me to see different parts of Appalachia. I developed a fascination for the place, because every single place I visited had a story to tell," Colleen relates.

Her fascination with Appalachia and her love of the region's music prompted her to make inquiries about enrolling in Bluegrass, Old Time, and Country Music Studies at East Tennessee State University. With the help of a Creative New Zealand grant and a Public Performance Scholarship from ETSU, Colleen fulfilled her dream to immerse herself in Appalachian culture. "In my previous visits, I had only stayed for no more than three weeks at a time. I wanted to see the seasons change, to really get to know people in the region, and to better understand the history of Appalachia. It's all been very exciting to me."

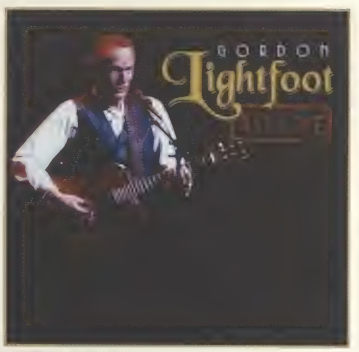
Reflecting on the music today, Colleen observes that "bluegrass is alive in New Zealand, but there is only a small number of bands playing true old-time and bluegrass. There are bluegrass clubs in some of the main centers, the most vibrant being in the capital city, Wellington. These clubs are hungry for good bluegrass and thrive on visiting American or Australian bands who are passing through the country. New Zealand has produced some world class bluegrass musicians who have to be commended and recognized for their skills and determination, and for remaining as true as possible to the genre from the other side of the world."

It is our good fortune to have one of New Zealand's creative treasures here at ETSU. Colleen now serves as a lecturer in the Department of Appalachian Studies, teaching individual instruction in fiddle, fiddle harmony, and coaching student bluegrass bands. ❖

Jane MacMorran directs Appalachian, Scottish, and Irish Studies at East Tennessee State University.

Jail House Bound: John Lomax's First Southern Prison Recordings, 1933
West Virginia University Press

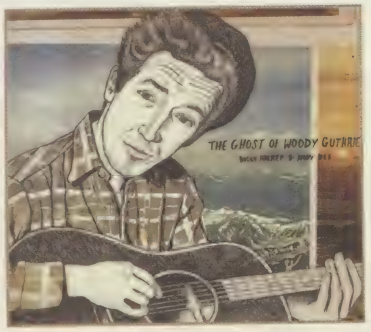
In the summer of 1933, a 65-year old widower and former banker from Texas set out with his son to record songs in southern prisons. John Lomax had made a reputation as a folk song collector decades before; his 1910 book *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads* included now-familiar songs like "Home on the Range" and "Get Along, Little Dogies." Lomax believed he would find the purest versions of African-American folk songs in prisons, where the singers would have had "the least contact with jazz, the radio, and with the white man." Armed with a contract from Macmillan Publishers, a partnership with the Music Division of the Library of Congress, and a spring-driven Dictaphone recorder, John and Alan Lomax visited Central State Prison Farm, known as "Sugar Land," and the Darrington State Prison Farm. There, he and Alan made scratchy, low-fidelity cylinder recordings. By the time the Lomaxes crossed into Louisiana, they had acquired a new electrical disc recorder. It was "portable," but just barely; the turntable, amplifier, batteries, microphones, and assorted gear weighed over 500 pounds. Before the summer was over, they had visited Louisiana State Penitentiary, known as "Angola," the Mississippi State Prison (the legendary "Parchman Farm"), the Shelby County (Tennessee) Workhouse, and the Nashville State Penitentiary. In December they took their electrical recorder back to Sugar Land to re-record some of the singers they met there. The songs wound up in the seminal 1934 book *American Ballads and Folk Songs*. Though Lomax altered the songs somewhat in the book, changing words or the order of verses, and sometimes combined several versions of a song, the songs in this collection were taken from the original cylinders and discs and present an unedited portrait of a culture almost completely unknown to white America at that time. The singers were convicts, not professional entertainers, and the songs were an integral part of their lives, both in prison and out. Their names—Mose "Clear Rock" Platt, James "Iron Head" Baker, Ernest "Mexico" Williams, "Bowlegs," John "Black Sampson" Gibson, and others—would be lost to history without Lomax's work. But the songs, and individual lines and couplets within those songs, have become a large part of the American musical vocabulary. Songs like "Rattler," "Ain't No More Cane on the Brazos," "Long Gone," "The Midnight Special," "John Henry," and others were already on their way to folk song status in both white and black communities, but in this collection, we hear them in a "purer" state, before the synthesis of the folk process had refined them. Alan Lomax later built a reputation as a folklorist that eclipsed that of his father. But John Lomax's contribution to American folklore is significant, and these songs, mostly unheard until now, are a testament to his vision. As he accurately predicted about the songs of the black American singer: "Some day, I know, his power of phrasing truisms about his people, his trenchant economy of speech, his final outstanding ability to put into short expressive words his deepest emotions, we shall all recognize as a contribution to literature." ❖



Gordon Lightfoot
All Live
Rhino Records

Gordon Lightfoot is honored as a Canadian national treasure,

and he has been performing at Toronto's Massey Hall since 1965, with over 150 appearances there. His 1969 *Sunday Concert* LP was recorded at Massey. His shows there are not merely concerts. They are events, bringing out longtime friends and supporters. The selections on *All Live* were recorded at Massey Hall between 1998 and 2001, prior to Lightfoot's near-fatal abdominal aortal aneurysm in 2002. He was in a coma for six weeks and underwent four surgeries and a tracheotomy. Lightfoot says he chose songs from that period because he felt some of the timbre of his voice was lost following the surgery (although as of this writing the 73-year-old singer still performs about sixty concerts per year). The nineteen selections on the disc include the hits "If You Could Read My Mind," "The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald," "Carefree Highway," and "Sundown." But there are also some lesser-known gems like "A Painter Passing Through" and "Shadows" that deserve more attention than they've gotten. Lightfoot originally planned for this to be a posthumous release but then decided not to wait until he died. The recordings from these Massey Hall shows are superb. Lightfoot and his longtime band—bassist Rick Haynes, Terry Clements (who died last year following a stroke) on guitar, drummer Barry Keane, and Michael Heffernan on keyboards—are in outstanding form, and the material has not been "improved" with overdubs or other alterations. While some live albums seem like a cynical ploy to reap financial rewards without having to come up with new material, *All Live* is a worthy tribute to Lightfoot's songwriting and performing craft. It's also a testament to his relationship with a favorite venue. The Canadian title of this release is *Massey Hall Moments – All Live.* ❖



Bucky Halker and Andy Dee
The Ghost of Woody Guthrie
Revolution Records

As he writes in the liner notes, Bucky Halker first met the ghost of Woody Guthrie when he was in second grade, learning the words to "This Land Is Your Land." Guthrie's life and music continued to inspire Halker throughout his life. A musician from an early age, Halker explored that fascinating junction of folk music and labor politics as a folklorist. A meeting with Woody's daughter Nora Guthrie led to Halker's joining the board of directors of the Guthrie Foundation. The year 2012 saw numerous celebrations of the 100th anniversary of Woody's birth, including several CDs of Woody's songs, or of Woody's lyrics paired with contemporary musical backing. Halker took a different approach. Teaming with multi-instrumentalist Andy Dee, he created a two-disc song cycle about Guthrie's life and music. Original songs are mixed with Guthrie's own "Jackhammer John," "Mail Myself to You," and "I Ain't Got No Home." The cycle opens with "Words That I Can't Speak," sung from the viewpoint of Guthrie, hospitalized with Huntington's Disease, unable to speak or even light a cigarette, wishing he had one more chance to "stick my thumb out and be westward bound." "Who Took My Sister Away" reflects on the horrible twin tragedies Guthrie endured: the death by fire of both his sister and his daughter. Halker explores Guthrie's passion for his second wife with "Marjorie Dear" but also acknowledges Guthrie's long-suffering first wife in "Woody and Mary, 1933." Woody wrote (or adapted from traditional material) dozens of labor songs, and Halker provided a Guthrie-like tribute to a local of the Laborer's International Union in "The Ballad of 393." Every song has some connection to Guthrie, either biographical or spiritual; even the scathing "Big Hat (Dick Cheney)" was written in a fit of Guthrie-like annoyance in

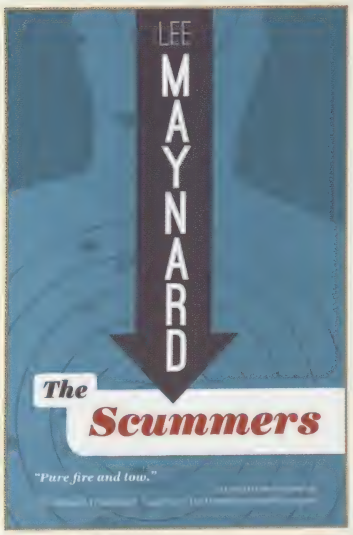
response to Cheney's failure to remove his hat or to stand in respect at President Obama's inauguration. "Miss Dickinson" is a whimsical daydream, imagining Guthrie attempting to seduce Emily Dickinson. Halker's own lifelong obsession with Guthrie is addressed in "The Ghost of October." The collection closes with "Woody Guthrie's Union." Halker distills Woody's work and philosophy to the simple concept of love and the dream of a revolution based on love. Despite the tragedies of his life, Guthrie remained an optimist. Halker's work convinces the listener that even in today's seemingly hopeless political and economic climate, Woody Guthrie would find hope. ❖

Luther Dickinson
Hambone's Meditations
Songs of the South Records

If Luther Dickinson's latest CD release weren't so good, he could be excused on the grounds that he's simply spread too thin. He's the guitarist and lead singer for the innovative North Mississippi All Stars (featuring brother Cody on drums and Chris Chew on bass). With his All Stars cohorts, he teamed with John Medeski and Robert Randolph to record as The Word in 2001. Since 2007, he's also been the lead guitarist for the Black Crowes. In 2009, he formed Luther Dickinson and the Sons of Mudboy. Dickinson is also a founder (along with bluesman Alvin Youngblood Hart and Jimbo Mathis of the Squirrel Nut Zippers) of the South Memphis String Band. That's not to mention his work with artists like John Hiatt, The Replacements, Mojo Nixon, Beck, Toy Caldwell, Otha Turner, Billy Lee Riley, Lucinda Williams, and many others. As if he weren't busy enough, he released three records at the same time: *The Wandering*, featuring female singers from Memphis and North Mississippi; *Old Times There*, the second album from the South Memphis String Band; and a solo acoustic effort, *Hambone's Meditations*. *Meditations* (named after an ancient newspaper comic strip) is a tribute to the acoustic blues roots of this high-voltage bluesman and rocker.

"I grew up on John Fahey," Dickinson says, referring to the fingerstyle guitarist whose folk and blues records from the 1960s on Takoma Records laid the foundation for what some call "American Primitivism," influencing other Takoma artists like Leo Kottke and Peter Lang. Dickinson's acoustic experiment was a gamble, and it has paid off—artistically at least. The all-instrumental album showcases pre-World War II composition and playing styles, and except for some overdubbed mandolin and steel guitar on the first track, the playing is all Dickinson's. Most of the songwriting is his, too. The exceptions are the opening cut, "Death Comes on Wings of Crepe," co-written with Jimbo Mathus, and the final two gospel medleys, traditional material arranged by Dickinson. "Blind Lemon and the Hook Man" is a multi-part salute to the great bluesmen of the past, while "Breckenridge Blues" features an innovative and haunting melody. "Arkabutla" and "Tallahatchee (Birds of the Moon)" recall Blind Boy Fuller, the Rev. Gary Davis, and other great prewar blues guitar virtuosos, as well as Dickinson's acoustic guitar mentor, Jack Rose. The songs are individually outstanding, but the album is most effective when heard in its entirety. ❖

Wayne Winkler is director of WETS-FM/HD in Johnson City, Tennessee.



The Scummers
Lee Maynard
Vandalia Press (An imprint of
West Virginia University Press)
$29.99 (hardcover), $16.99 (paperback), 322 pages

The Scummers completes Lee Maynard's coming-of-age trilogy that began with *Crum* and continued with *Screaming with the Cannibals*. In this third book, Jesse Stone leaves Appalachia and the South and goes west. He works on a ranch, then rolls onto the very edge of the continent. *The Scummers*, like the other novels, has more than a hint of magical realism—or, perhaps more appropriately, of Appalachian tall tale. The book is filled with humor and violence. A cannonball careens through an Army mess hall; characters are unnaturally huge and crazier than insane; Jesse's friend Wendell can sometimes disappear in plain sight.

Forces that oppose Jesse also loom larger than life. He struggles against all authority, and for most of the book, authority seems to be winning. The judicial system of California catches him and sentences him to do time in the U.S. Army. Jesse ends up in the Military Police in rural upstate New York guarding nuclear warheads. Over and over, he asks himself, "What the hell am I doing here?" He is desperate to get out, to move on, but it's harder to escape the Army than it was to escape Crum, West Virginia.

He also has to face an adversary named Starker, who is reminiscent of Cormac McCarthy's embodiments of evil. Starker is a demonic trickster whose early defiant shenanigans include things that, done by another character, would amuse Jesse or even cause admiration. By the time they get to upstate New York, Starker has begun torturing animals and tempting Jesse to become like him. Starker is an extreme exaggeration of Jesse's anti-authoritarianism that moves into highly destructive nihilism. The novel offers a more or less realistic reason why Starker gets away with so much, but his real function is to exemplify the dark side of total freedom, which is in the end a rejection of human connections. Before Jesse can become a true man, he has to face down his own dark impulses.

Jesse is happiest when he has the support of male friends, and he makes common cause with people he identifies as oppressed: Wendell the Indian and the Mexican, in particular, but also a couple of the MP scummers. In the last third of the novel, he has fewer and fewer relationships until, toward the very end of the book, he is pressured into working with a sinister and ugly Army investigator named Ruker. Reluctantly, Outlaw Jesse joins Ruker in an internal Army drug investigation. He is beaten nearly to death but survives and escapes the Army with an assist from Ruker.

Free and on the road again, Jesse tries something new: retracing his steps. He goes back for a final look at Crum. He is still, you realize with surprise, a very young man. He looks, he contemplates, he leaves again. Finally, there is an epilogue in which the great love of Jesse's life (whom he insulted so deeply in *Crum* and who re-entered his life in *Cannibals*) also shows up back at Crum, with a little boy who appears to be his son. Their paths don't quite cross: The Jesse Stone trilogy is not about a happy family ending. It is about the development of a man before he is ready for adult relationships. Still, the missed connection suggests the multiplicity of possibilities before Jesse in his adult life. ❖

Meredith Sue Willis was born in Clarksburg, West Virginia. Her many books include *In the Mountains of America*, *Out of the Mountains*, and *Oradell at Sea*.

What I Did There: New and Selected Poems
Pauletta Hansel
Dos Madres Press
Loveland, Ohio, 2011
83 pages, $15.00 (paperback)

Most lyric poets must deal with the problem of egoism—how to write poetry that gives form to personal anxieties and joys while at the same time vibrating a sympathetic chord with the reader. Pauletta Hansel wrestles with that first person singular in her collection *What I Did There: New and Selected Poems*. She notes how some writers strive for the impersonal: "My friends are writing/ in third person now,/ they wander through their pages in disguise." She, however, concludes ambiguously, "I am stuck with myself." Is this a celebration of self?

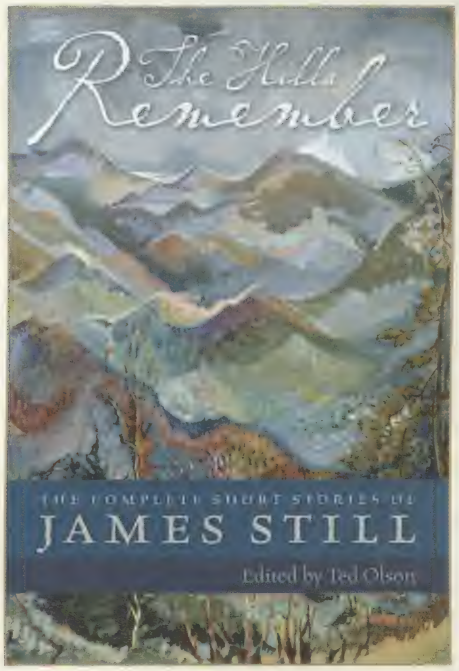
Many poems dispense with that first person she may not be so "stuck with." Hansel negotiates the straits of self-centeredness by merging her first person with "you" in dark nights of the soul ("Is it any wonder/ you . . . cling too tightly/ to friends at their doors?) or "we" in days of shared hope ("we, ourselves,/ so gathered here on earth . . . pulled toward the divine"). These are successful strategies for acknowledging other.

Hansel propels many of her poems by details of domestic life. Almost resignedly, she admits she needs "a good metaphor/ to write my life around./ Some days/ house will do." Hansel precisely renders "house": "A table strewn with remnants/ of a meal gone bad: olive pits,/ salty and shark-backed/ drown in wine-pooled ashtrays and plates."

Most of the poems are not specifically placed. We learn from "Curriculum Vitae 2005" that "I was born on the edge of hill country/ that had birthed my parents," and "A circle of women holds each others' words./ The poetry of this becomes my work."

Pauletta Hansel has written an honest account of her life journey. She says in "Why I Write" that she wants her writing to resonate like tapping her mother's crystal goblets: "each note's story/ known only in relation to the other." Her poetry is at its best when she places herself and her readers in a tradition of connection. In the first poem in the collection, she gives thanks "For poets who like miners/ go down underground/ with only the light/ of their unknowing/ to guide them." The best poems in her collection fulfill that essential role of the poet: to make us feel a part of something bigger. ❖

Rob Merritt is author of the poetry collection *Landscape Architects*.



The Hills Remember: The Complete Short Stories of James Still
Ted Olson, Editor
University Press of Kentucky, 2012
406 pages, $29.95 (cloth)

James Still (1906-2001) is one of the most beloved and influential of all Appalachian writers. Known as "the Dean of Appalachian Literature," he left an enduring legacy of novels, stories, and poems during his nearly seventy-year career. When Still died in 2001, at age ninety-four, he had secured a lasting reputation among readers of Appalachian literature based on a relatively small number of literary works.

The Hills Remember honors Still with the first comprehensive collection of his short fiction. The book includes stories from other Still collections as well as several lesser-known works and ten stories that had never been previously published.

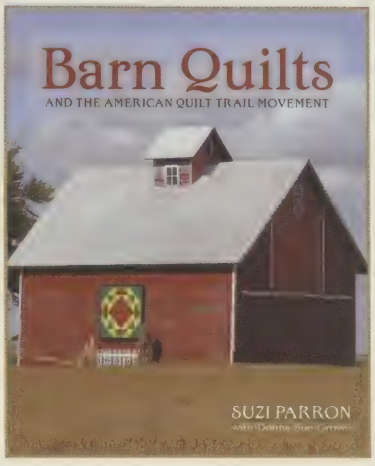
In this landmark book, Ted Olson favorably compares Still's short fiction to the work of Poe, Hawthorne, Hemingway, Welty, and Cheever. Presenting all of Still's compelling and varied short stories in one volume, *The Hills Remember* is a testament to a master writer.

Still's stories are distinctive in style and universal in theme. Simply said, these are "tales from the soul of Appalachia." Not until recently, with the writing of Charles Frazier, Wayne Caldwell, and Ron Rash, has the spirit of James Still and the Mountain South been revealed to a new generation of appreciative readers. And with Ted Olson's book of Still's short stories, we can look for a whole new wave of popularity among a new and larger generation of Still fans.

In the book's title story, "The Hills Remember," a crowd gathers near the bank of Troublesome Creek to see the villain of their Kentucky hill town in a pool of his own blood after being accidentally shot in the back. The story's themes are universal: good and evil, right and wrong, and fate and chance. On the other end of the spectrum, in the story "Mrs. Razor," Still gives us a glimpse into a child's world of pretend. In one of Still's most beloved stories, "The Nest," a young Nezzie Hargis becomes lost during a snowstorm. As she painfully struggles to find her way, we see the last day of Nezzie's life through the eyes of the innocent young girl, who will never learn what it means to be an adult and leave the nest of childhood. And in the story "Brother to Methuselum," Still tells of Uncle Mize, who, by a strange twist of fate, begins to grow young again at the age of 103—his hair and teeth return, he props his walking stick in a corner, and he tosses his glasses away. The story explores the theme of immortality against a backdrop of Appalachian mysticism.

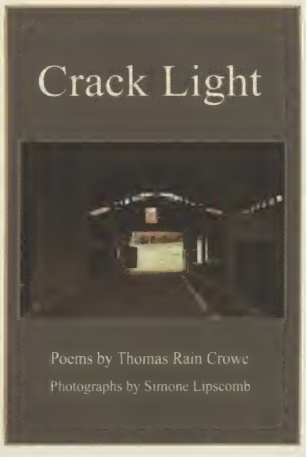
Endorsed by Appalachian luminaries Ron Rash, Loyal Jones, Gurney Norman, Chris Offutt, and Jeff Daniel Marion, this book is required reading for anyone who is "from here" or who has embraced the Appalachian mountain region. ❖

Thomas Crowe is the author of the award-winning memoir *Zoro's Field: My Life in the Appalachian Woods*. He lives in Tuckasegee, North Carolina.



Barn Quilts and the American Quilt Trail Movement
Suzi Parron with Donna Sue Groves (Swallow Press/Ohio University Press, 2012)

Almost everyone has seen, and maybe felt cheered by, the colorful paintings of quilt patterns on old barns along country highways. With the help of American Quilt Trail Movement founder Donna Sue Groves, Suzi Parron describes a project that began as Groves' way to honor her mother and then became a movement combining folk art, local history, and economic development. Parron's striking photographs and narrative of her journey on the Quilt Trail bring out the personal and community meaning behind the quilts—from old patterns like "Log Cabin" to new ones like "Dilithium Crystals" (crystals that serve as spaceship fuel in *Star Trek*). Styles range from traditional geometrics to fantastic psychedelics. Barn quilts surprise us, appearing on thousands of barns and on many other kinds of buildings, such as an old factory in Burnside, North Carolina; the Motherhouse of the Sisters of Loretto convent in Nernix, Kentucky; a corn crib in Surgoinsville, Tennessee; an airport shelterhouse in McArthur, Ohio; and a country store in Powder Springs, Georgia. The book does justice to its subject, through the charm of its photographs and the many interesting stories behind this public art movement. ❖



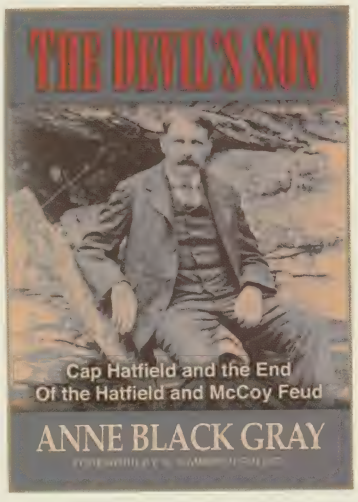
Crack Light
Thomas Rain Crowe (Wind Publications, 2011)

"Everything alive / only pieces of the real thing" says Crowe, in his poem "The Real Thing," and, in effect, with this entire collection. The poems, like the crack light coming in between the logs of a cabin, illuminate myriad connections between people and the natural world, especially between people and places. Several poems end with a note telling where they were written—Little Snowbird Creek, Great Smoky Mountains, for example, or Triple Falls, Brevard, North Carolina. Many poems are dedicated to people—James Still, Jim Wayne Miller, Wendell Berry, and Marilou Awiakta. This collection pays homage to the spirit within the material, and the photographs by Simone Lipscomb are perfect, ghostly, and yet sensuously solid. The spirit of the old buildings, animals, flowers, woods, and water seems to emanate visibly from them. Ecological and reverent toward nature, these poems disdain a consumer orientation that considers nature as resource rather than source. They bring far-flung people, creatures, and places together in Crowe's imagined local realm. ❖

CHEROKEE STORIES OF THE TURTLE ISLAND LIARS' CLUB
CHRISTOPHER B. TEUTON
with HASTINGS SHADE, SAMMY STILL, SEQUOYAH GUESS, and WOODY HANSEN
illustrations by AMERICA MEREDITH

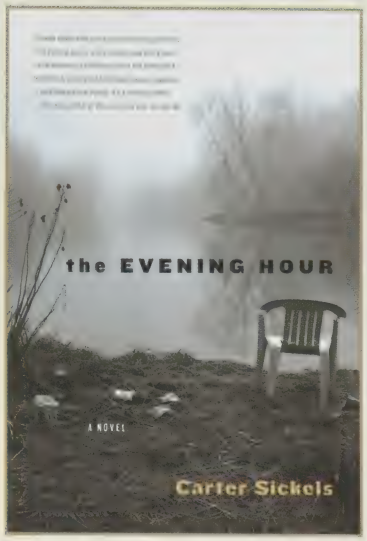
Cherokee Stories of the Turtle Island Liars' Club
Christopher B. Teuton with Hastings Shade, Sammy Still, Sequoyah Guess, and Woody Hansen (University of North Carolina Press, 2012)

The Turtle Island Liars' Club is in Oklahoma, but the stories the members tell are intimately linked to the folklore and history of the eastern Cherokee. Most of the traditional stories presented in the book are in English, but four are also presented in Cherokee syllabary and a phonetic translation. The Liars' Club members' personal reflections and anecdotes about their own lives add dimension to the traditional stories of the ordinary and the wondrous. America Meredith's illustrations, especially the sketches of the featured storytellers, Hastings Shade, Sammy Still, Sequoyah Guess, and Woody Hansen, help bring these men and their teachings close. Interwoven through the banter of these old friends and the poetry of their stories are evocative fragments of a people's history. If the nineteenth-century history of the Cherokee people has been researched and retold often in fiction and nonfiction, their twentieth-century experiences—as reflected here in the storytellers' observations about the Depression, the Korean War, Vietnam, the relocation of young Cherokees sent off the reservation in the 1940s to "learn a trade," and the rise of the Cherokee Nation in the 1970s—are likely to be new to many readers. ❖



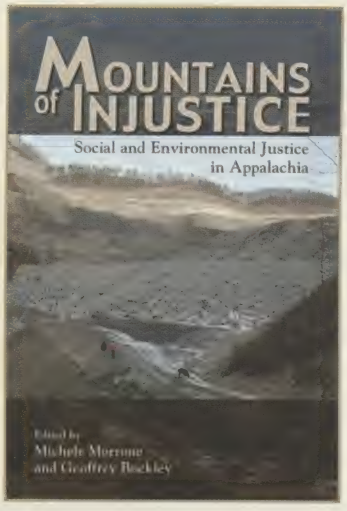
The Devil's Son: Cap Hatfield and the End of the Hatfield and McCoy Feud
Anne Black Gray (Woodland Press, 2012)

Yes, *The Devil's Son* presents yet another rendition of the Hatfield-McCoy feud, but it has much to recommend it. This fictionalized account was inspired by family lore about "Uncle Cap" and fleshed out by Gray's mother's and aunts' memories of their father's good friend, Cap Hatfield. Appalachian readers may especially appreciate Gray's respect for the customs and language in rural southern West Virginia at that time, though, as she says, she takes liberties with the language to accommodate modern sensibilities: words like "dagnabbit," for example, "once a scalding curse," are now "appropriate only in cartoons." Tensions between Cap Hatfield and his father, "Devil" Anse, play a central role in this story, told primarily from Cap's perspective. The story explores the circumstances through which the feud came to a close as the family moved toward alliance with outside economic interests. A major strength of this book is its concern for and description of the chores, hardships, and pleasures of daily life. Gray presents an intimate three-dimensional portrait of Cap and other members of the Hatfield family. ❖



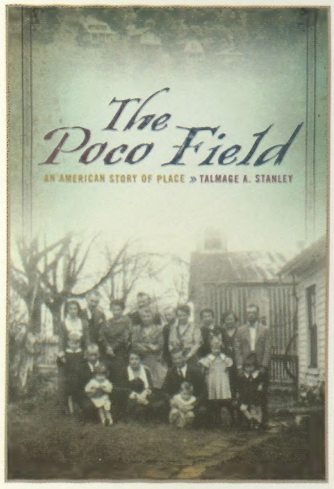
The Evening Hour
Carter Sickels
(Bloomsbury, 2012)

The Evening Hour takes old issues and makes them seem new, treating stereotypical Appalachian problems, such as the abuse of prescription medicine, with unusual sensitivity. Sickels' story shows the shifting boundaries in people's lives, boundaries between caring and cold-heartedness, between friendship and romance, and between homosexuality and heterosexuality. Setting for himself the difficult task of creating a main character who is a drug dealer and a thief and yet appealing, Sickels succeeds in making readers care about what happens to this young man and to other down-but-not-out people in Dove Creek, a small West Virginia town where things are bad enough and getting worse. Interestingly, Cole Freeman is good, in many ways, even to the people he steals from, and he cares about them. Having spent most of his twenty-seven years believing that his mother abandoned him when he was a baby, he thinks about leaving home but can't bring himself to do it. Sickels' all-too-familiar fictional events—drug deals, slurry spills, floods, and mountaintop removal—are transformed by his art into a story that does credit to the underlying complexities of life for young and old in the coalfields of Appalachia today. ❖



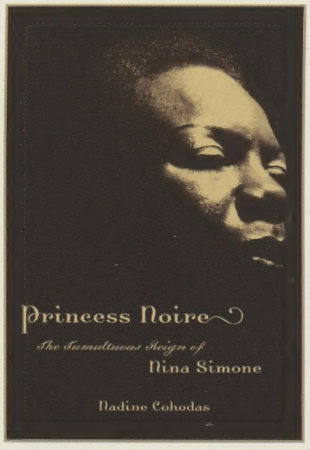
Mountains of Injustice: Social and Environmental Justice in Appalachia
Michele Morrone and Geoffrey L. Buckley, editors
(Ohio University Press, 2011)

The essays in this collection enter the growing public discussion about the hidden costs of major industries, extractive and energy-related industries in particular, and the disproportionate burden of this cost carried by people in Appalachia. The book offers examples of numerous successful and unsuccessful efforts Appalachians have made to fight environmental injustice, at times opposing both powerful corporate interests that profit from pollution and the regulatory agencies that are supposed to alleviate pollution. Covering more than mountaintop removal mining, the book includes an essay on terrible problems in the disposal of radioactive waste in a neighborhood near Knoxville, Tennessee, and an essay on successful opposition to large-scale clear-cutting in western North Carolina. Jedediah Purdy's afterword explores the irony that we, as a nation, respect some places as privileged and worthy of preservation and yet offer others as sacrifice zones. We support national parks, for example, while allowing destruction of the Appalachian mountains and the abuse of farmland—land that Purdy says has become an industrial waste system and one of the major reasons why we cannot meet our own standards for clean air and water. ❖



The Poco Field: An American Story of Place
Talmadge A. Stanley
(University of Illinois Press, 2012)

Situated on the Pocahontas coal seam, McDowell County, West Virginia, once the "billion dollar coal field," became, by the end of the twentieth century, the sixth poorest county in the United States. Stanley's history focuses largely on Keystone, a town in McDowell. Building his analysis around the lives of his grandparents, who faced the challenges of maintaining a middle-class life where boom-and-bust cycles of the coal industry allowed few to succeed, he connects the powerful profit motive of the coal industry with the myth of individualism and documents the damaging effects this combination had on the community and its social institutions. A fascinating passage describes the scandal of tiny First National Bank of Keystone, for a short while the most profitable bank in the country—and one of the most crooked. With this extreme example and many others, Stanley shows how ambition can be incompatible with moral behavior when profit is the bottom line and power is concentrated in one industry. His work stresses the importance of a "citizenship of place" and gives examples of promising practices to expand, enrich, and enliven local relationships. ❖



Princess Noire: The Tumultuous Reign of Nina Simone
Nadine Cohodas (University of North Carolina Press, 2010)

Nina Simone was born Eunice Waymon in Tryon, North Carolina, and the first chapters of *Princess Noire* tell about her life there. A child prodigy, Simone could play a musical piece by ear after hearing it once. Her parents, musical themselves, fostered her talent for piano throughout her youth. Two local women helped pay for music lessons and tuition for her to attend Asheville's Allen School, a high school for African-American girls. As Cohodas makes clear, much as Simone wanted it and talented as she was, she was never able to realize her desire to perform classical piano—partly because of her race, the family's lack of money, and her small-town origins. Instead, Simone became famous as a concert pianist and vocalist performing popular music and jazz (a term she disliked). This biography is a reminder of the many performers, not generally thought of as Appalachian, who have roots in this region. ❖

Edwina Pendarvis is book reviews editor for *Now & Then*.

Fulcrum

Sherry Chandler

For my heart I walked
the ridge, as though aimed
at the bull's eye moon
on the horizon.
At the blackberry
thicket, I turned. There —
a fiery sun skimmed
sycamores. A child
playing statues, I
froze, raised my arms, right
hand to the moon, left
to the sun, and that's
when I saw the doe,
still under the burr
oak, round eye looking
at me, poised to run.

Sherry Chandler was raised in the Ohio River Valley and now lives in Paris, Kentucky. She is the author of two poetry chapbooks and the full-length collection *Weaving a New Eden* (Wind, 2011).

SIGNING OFF

Located just off the Blue Ridge Parkway between Spruce Pine and Marion, North Carolina, the unincorporated village of Little Switzerland was so named because its sweeping panoramas resembled the foothills of the Swiss Alps. However, Little Switzerland is not the only community in Appalachia with a "global" name: Poland, Ohio; Germany, Georgia; Peru, West Virginia, and Peru, Pennsylvania; and Cuba, New York, also share names with countries.

Coming in June 2013: Appalachian Industry

East Tennessee State University
Center for Appalachian Studies and Services
Box 70556
Johnson City, TN 37614-1707

Address Service Requested

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
ETSU

Charlie Daniel is editorial cartoonist for the *Knoxville News Sentinel*.